IAN MACFARLANE

Medical Missionary
at Nazareth
and
Captain R.A.M.C

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[*Photo. by C. D. Crooke, Edinburgh.*

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Dedicated

TO

The Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society

AND

His Fellow Students.

Foreword

by

The Rev. James Reid, M.A.,

Eastbourne.

To write a foreword to this little memorial of Ian Macfarlane is a great privilege. My first meeting with him was in 1915 when he came into my vestry to introduce half-a-dozen of his men—a characteristic action. From that moment he gave me one of the richest gifts of my life—his unreserved friendship. I have never known a young man who carried so wonderfully the suggestion of Jesus Christ. He reminds me of Pater's soldier-Christian, carried through Rome "under a charm" by "some secret constraining motive." Faith burned in his soul with a clear flame which shone through all he was and did. While such men live, one can never be in doubt of Christ, for they bear the broad seal of His authentic Presence. When they die, we can never be in doubt of heaven, for they leave on our spirits the awareness of

> An air of glory
> Whose light doth trample on our days.

"I thank my God upon every remembrance of you." The word rises to one's lips with radiant meaning. I never pass a certain part of the Downs without thinking of him there in the early dawn alone with God. I have many things in life for which to be grateful, for none am I more grateful than to be his friend. If this little book holds even a breath of the fragrance of his brief life, those who read it will be the richer for its pages.

JAMES REID.

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Dr Ian Macfarlane.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Youth.

He was born in Cruden, in the Buchan district of Aberdeenshire, where the North Sea blast braces the nerve and colours the cheek. The day was the 9th July, 1888, and the house the Free Church Manse, which stood encircled with trees in the small village of Hatton. The village was not then, but is now, enhanced by a railway station. His father, the Rev. Norman Campbell Macfarlane, a native of Stornoway, in the Isle of Lewis, was minister of the Free (now United Free) Church of Cruden, and his mother was Annie Murray Livingston, fourth daughter of David Livingston, of Smeaton Park, Inveresk. A lady who had often heard the famous Edinburgh preacher, Dr Robert Candlish, said the shape of Ian's head reminded her of him, and when she visited the manse she always styled him "the little Dr Candlish." He was only two years old when he and his sister had a narrow escape. They were sitting in the pony-phaeton when suddenly the pony dashed out wildly at the manse gate. It rushed on to the bank of a mill-lade and almost capsized the phaeton. They, unwitting of danger, were smiling with delight. At the age of two years and a half Ian created great amusement at the Sunday School soiree. Several boys and girls took part in the programme by recitation and song. There was a flight of steps to a platform erected for the occa-

sion. Up those steps Ian climbed on hands and feet amid much laughter, stood smiling for some seconds, and then started a hymn which he had practised at home. Never so young a performer was seen in Cruden. That imprinted him in Cruden memory. His sister Maben and he practised unusual duets. For several minutes, after getting into bed in separate rooms, they sang through the darkness, verse about of their hymns. This they did without any prompting. Their parents sitting in the study at night heard those duets, and often looked at each other and said, "Did you ever?" These young voices hallowed the air. They were supremely happy in each other's society. Ian evinced from the beginning evenness and sweetness of temper. In later life he could boil over, and did, at things that offended his sense of justice and mercy.

School Days.

In 1893 his father was transferred from the Free Church of Cruden to the Free Church (now United Free) at Juniper Green, Edinburgh. There Ian entered a private school. His music teacher often remarked on his fine touch. He afterwards entered George Watson's College, Edinburgh. That school has recently been signalised by the fact that five ministers of one of His Majesty's War Cabinets were pupils there — Sir Robert Horne, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Robert Munro, Secretary for Scotland (now Lord Alness, Lord Justice-Clerk); Ian Macpherson, Minister of Pensions; Sir Eric Geddes, and his brother, Sir Auckland Geddes

(now British Ambassador at Washington). Dr George Ogilvie, a great educationist and one of a noted family of educationists, was headmaster of Watson's. It was said that he knew every one of the 1600 boys by headmark and name. He told Ian's parents that when he first asked Ian where he lived, the boy, then aged 7, answered Jumper Green. At school he was easy-going and wholly lacking in ambition. His mother went to see Dr Ogilvie and said she thought Ian should be in a higher class. Dr Ogilvie and she went into the class-room. The Doctor called "Ian Macfarlane." The boy rose. Questions were put to him and answered. The Headmaster said, "Yes, certainly a higher class, but it is top bench boys that are moved up. He sticks at the middle." "He has no ambition for the top bench?" said his mother. "Well, you are to blame, for he ought to have ambition." Ian was promoted, but all the same he did not properly waken up until he entered the University.

The founder of the school, George Watson, had been an orphan boy in Edinburgh. By and by he became a prosperous merchant and left his fortune for a school. When the school was built, it was first called a hospital, latterly a college, a first-class boon to Edinburgh and far beyond.

When at George Watson's Ian often amused young folks by playing "Cheap John" and holding auctions. His remarks as auctioneer were racy, and the style in which he brought the hammer down raised peals of laughter. A later phase was preach-

ing. He would mount some steps on the top landing and pour out to his young audience who were seated on the stairs. Those who knew him said he was shaping for the ministry. When the time for deciding came he said, "I'm to be a doctor," and from that he never wavered.

Out of many incidents of his youth the following are selected to illustrate different sides of his character.

When he was a small boy, before he entered George Watson's, his mother used to speak to him about the sacredness of his body and what care he should take of it. Among other things she told him that fresh air increased the red corpuscles in the blood, and that these corpuscles were like baskets carrying health and vigour. Not long after this he was badly colded. One day he said, "Oh, I wish I could go out into the air else I'll lose my red-baskets!"

Shortly after joining George Watson's he was walking home from Colinton Station when he overtook a white-haired lady carrying a parcel. He raised his cap and, smiling, asked if he might carry it for her. The lady was taken aback by so small a boy offering help. She gave the parcel and asked who he was and where he lived. Next day she came round to the manse to express admiration of what she called his manly courtesy. It was Lady Fettes Douglas who at that time lived in Juniper Green.

Later on, at George Watson's, one of Ian's teachers came into the class-room slightly intoxicated. The boys giggled and whispered along the benches. It was a serious irregularity, and it might go hard with the teacher if the College authorities came to know. One of his class-fellows told afterwards how Ian exerted himself to shelter the unfortunate man. He urged the boys to keep silence about it. Ian himself never gave a hint at home about this incident.

His Conversion.

As a schoolboy he attended for several years one of the holiday camps for public schools held in connection with the Oxford and Cambridge Universities. One year the Captain of his tent was drowned while bathing, and it made a deep impression on Ian. In spiritual affairs he was always open to the voices of God. His mother and he had many intimate talks. At length in a series of meetings held early in 1905 in Juniper Green by Mr W. H. Stanes, Ian made the complete surrender. He gave his whole heart. Mr Stanes was a coffee-planter in India. He withdrew from active partnership in planting and devoted himself wholly to evangelising among the young. He held that no other form of Christian work could compare with it. Mr Stanes at the time stayed at the manse, where he has often been since, a most welcome guest. He had ample opportunity of directing Ian at this the greatest crisis in his life. Some two months after this all-important step, a Welsh

minister and two ladies visited Edinburgh. They told the story of the Welsh revival of 1905 in various churches in the city. Ian's father invited them to Juniper Green to tell the same story. There was a large gathering in the Church Hall, and at the close the Welsh minister asked for testimonies. Ian got up and said, "The devil wants to glue me to my seat, but I rise to say that Christ is my Saviour and I mean to live for Him and work for Him." This nailing of his colours moved hearts. Many present had never heard such brave words from so young a lad. Letters came to his parents from various people saying they prayed their children might have the same holy courage as Ian had.

In July of that year Mrs Walker, Argyllshire, who had an annual house-party of Oxford students at Keswick Convention, invited Ian to be one of her guests. He went to Keswick and enjoyed it eagerly. One item of enjoyment was the daily swim in that beautiful lake, Derwentwater. Ian ran up to the house where his father and mother had a house party of United Free Church ministers to tell them of Bishop Taylor Smith, the Chaplain-General of the British Army. He had been bathing that morning with the Oxford House. The Bishop made somersaults in the water and various feats which charmed the young swimmers. Ian was so full of this remarkable church dignitary that his father fared forth in search of the Bishop. He invited him to a meal with a houseful of Scotch ministers. The Bishop was delighted to come.

Every year since in which he has been at Keswick he has come to that minister's house-party and enchanted every one. It was to Ian's enthusiasm for the Bishop, who is gracious, simple, big-boyish, that the U.F. ministers owe interviews with this earnest soul-winner. That year there was an all-night prayer meeting for Scotch people at Keswick, presided over by the Rev. David MacIntyre, of Glasgow. There were many present, Ian among them. About five in the morning, when the meeting broke up, he climbed Skiddaw alone for a quiet time.

In October of that year (1905) Ian was welcomed as a young communicant at Juniper Green Church after a helpful sermon by his father's friend, the Rev. Walter Glendinning, of Maybole. Shortly afterwards he was invited to a fancy-dress party at Colinton, at which many acquaintances were present. He enjoyed mingling in youthful "socials," but a boy-preacher was announced for that evening in Edinburgh, and he preferred to hear the boy-preacher. The spiritual was now his magnetic North, to which he swung round like the compass-needle.

Holidays.

On the family holiday Ian was always the life and soul of it. His parents early decided to select for holiday a fresh place every year. This they did for their children's sake. A fresh place gave variety. It stimulated interest in the local geography and history. It widened the children's knowledge and had some advantages of travel.

The children were encouraged to write down their impressions of men and things. It was on these holidays they first began to keep diaries. Various towns on the Clyde and popular resorts on the East Coast, from Dunbar up to Aberdeen, besides spots like Callander and St. Fillans and Ardeonaig, were chosen. Ian had become a medical student the year they holidayed at North Berwick. He was introduced to Principal Rainy and had tea at the Principal's house. The Principal's interest in him felt like a benediction. Dr Rainy had at one time hoped to be a medical student himself. Ian said to his father on leaving the Principal's door, "Dr Rainy spoke to me as if he and I were students on the same bench." At St. Fillans the household was increased by a couple of medicals in relays each week-end. The climbing of Ben Vorlich, the boating on Loch Earn, the many cycling tours, had Ian as leader. He had any amount of physical courage and daring. Ian and his father had various cycle tours by themselves at other times, and the lad was an admirable companion. Going up hills he gave his father now and again a hearty shove up.

On one occasion he holidayed in Arran with American cousins. After breakfast he surprised them by announcing that he was the dish-washer of the party. There were three girls among the cousins. They protested vigorously. "What did *they* know about germs," he replied. "Germs were his study, and what was dish-washing but a practical application of germ-knowledge!" So he decked himself with an apron, and played the scullery

maid to their infinite amusement. He insisted also on blacking and polishing all the boots. This roused the cousins, for the boot-polishing was done in the open, outside the door. "Oh, what will the Arran folk think of a young doctor as holiday shoeblack?" "I'll show the Arranites how to make leather shine," he said with a laugh. There was no chance of making him play the idler.

CHAPTER II.

Medical Course.

In 1905 he matriculated as a medical student at Edinburgh University. In the summer mornings he cycled to the lectures at the Botanic Gardens. He wakened in these mornings to the songs of birds which made their concert platform in the trees round the manse. His pictures were the morning clouds slashed by the sun's golden spears. Later in the year the trees, radiant in autumn tints, or undressing themselves in October winds, made music within him. The Pentlands, dosing in the noonday haze, or tipped with sunset fires, or vivid in autumnal crystal air, were always dear to him. Nature's voices went deep into his soul and awakened reverence. When the College sessions were on all the slackness of schooldays vanished and he gave himself unstintedly to study. He, too, scorned delights and lived laborious days. Music was his chief recreation. In the midst of his "grind" he would say, "Just ten minutes, mother," and her music regaled him. Someone speaks of weaving a love story into the 5th proposition of Euclid. Ian wove these musical interludes into his Chemistry and Anatomy work. When someone later on congratulated him on success in his studies, he said, "Oh, I am nothing but a round O without God."

When, as a senior student, he walked the wards of the Royal Infirmary, the work became fascinating. When invited to social functions, he

would say, "Thank you ever so much, but I cannot leave my Infirmary cases. They are so interesting, fairy tales are not in it." His pleasure in mixing in young people's socials was keen. A writer in Juniper Green Church Record, struck with this, records an instance of Ian making sport for them by balancing himself in a suspended clothes basket. At children's parties he would cover himself with a tiger skin and suddenly burst into their midst on all fours. Many similar things gave him pleasure, but his Infirmary cases were a greater joy. He followed some convalescent cases to their homes. His Saturdays were often given to cycling to Penicuik, Broxburn, and as far as Stirling to visit these patients. There was a Penicuik woman who, when she recovered, came and lodged at Juniper Green just to look upon Ian's face. When he mounted the pulpit to read the Scripture lessons, she said her eyes filled. Often did she speak of him.

Church Work.

To Church work he gave himself soul and spirit. In his father's Bible Class he was the most outstanding member, never absent and always inducing others to attend. When he became a Sunday School teacher, his class of boys, unruly and boisterous at first, soon grew so attached that they said they would leave the Sunday School if passed on to another teacher. He also joined the church choir as a tenor. At the Sabbath morning Fellowship Association he read several papers. By and by he was elected its President. At an election of Deacons it was found when the papers

were opened that he was at the top of the list. The Kirk Session congratulated his father on this tribute to their youngest Deacon. At a time when his father's voice was affected by a cold Ian volunteered to read the Scripture lessons in the Church services. This he continued twice every Sunday until he went abroad to the Mission field. He also formed a Foreign Missions Study Circle which met in the manse every week. The members said he had the art of making the subject alive, and pleasure certainly shone in their faces. He also visited one or two sick folks and would go round on a Sunday evening to cheer them. Although his time was very full, he managed these occasional visits, which were a deep pleasure to him. After his death several people spoke gratefully of the visits, and one of them suggested more than once that a marble tablet to his memory should be erected in the Hall of the Church. Some of his younger friends expressed the same wish.

Outside his own Church he also gave help. Two or three holiday fortnights were spent preaching at the Children's Seaside Services in the Isle of Man. Children took to him, and he knew how to play with them and speak to them. There were some houses he went to where, whenever he sat down, the children clambered up his knees and back. He rejoiced in evangelistic work among them, doing it brightly and simply and very humanly. He carried it on until he left for his life-work as a Medical Missionary. When he left for abroad he had just completed his 23rd year.

COWGATE DISPENSARY STUDENTS.

Ian Macfarlane with white arrow directly over his head.

Cowgate Work.

Ian Macfarlane hoped all through his college curriculum to give himself to missionary work. He came across students at the University who were in training for it, and hearing about the work in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, he decided to apply for entrance there. A number of the students boarded at the Medical Residence in George Square. One or two lived at the Cowgate Dispensary, and there Ian lived during his fourth year in medicine. The story of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Sociey is noteworthy. An American missionary in China, Dr Peter Parker, was passing through Edinburgh on his way to the United States. He called on the famous Dr John Abercromby, and spoke to him of the importance of having doctors in missionary service abroad. He impressed Dr Abercromby with the advantages of this untried form of missionary work. Dr Abercromby called a meeting for the 30th November, 1841. At that meeting the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society (known since as the E.M.M.S.) was formed under the enlightened Presidency of Dr Abercromby. Dr Coldstream was appointed Secretary. He filled that office with distinction until his death in 1863. Parallel with this movement ran another. A city missionary came to Dr Handyside, another eminent physician, and urged him to do something by way of a Public Dispensary for the very poor of Edinburgh. Dr Handyside responded and opened a Dispensary in High Riggs, and by and by transferred it to "Main Point" in the West Port. Seeing a whisky shop in the

Cowgate for sale, Dr Handyside bought it and established his Dispensary there. After a time the E.M.M.S. took it over, and it became the first institute of its kind in Europe where young men preparing for medical missionary work abroad practised medical missionary work at home. A bazaar was held. There was then built on the site of the old whisky shop the Livingstone Dispensary called after the great missionary. The foundation stone was laid by Livingstone's father-in-law—Robert Moffat. The Magdalene Chapel of Reformation fame formed part of the building. The total cost was £10,000. The E.M.M.S. also purchased in George Square, in memory of one of its members, a residence for their students. The Livingstone Dispensary was opened in 1878 under the superintendence of Mr Burns Thomson, who was succeeded for a short term by Dr David Paterson, of Madras. He in turn was succeeded by Dr John Lowe of Travancore. Thereafter Dr Sargood Fry came home from abroad to take up the reins. Now Dr Lechmere Taylor is in charge. It was under the gracious Dr Fry Ian Macfarlane joined the work in the Cowgate. The students visited the slums of the Cowgate and High Street and Canongate. Ian made warm friendships among the very poor. There was a worthy couple up many rickety stairs in a high tenement to whom he took a great liking, and a poor widow in the Canongate for whose character he had the deepest admiration. He formed deep friendships with his fellow missionary students, and took a special interest in those junior to himself. It was often remarked

that to juniors he was a very Barnabas, and they warmly responded. What Saturday rambles with them on the Pentlands! He brought the whole set of a dozen or so from those rambles to a lively tea at the manse. What flow of soul as they set to, to appease their whetted hunger! These Saturdays were in red letter. He also had some of them out at Juniper Green giving addresses in the church on Sundays. These addresses were prized by the congregation. Everyone rejoiced to hear the young medicals. On week-nights he had them out giving "demonstrations" of medical nursing. These were new to people, and drew large audiences. Open-air preaching was part of the training at the Cowgate Dispensary, and Ian gained his spurs in that service. A minister near Loch Tay, hearing of his preaching gift, invited Ian to take his church services for a month and stay at his manse. He consented. Many expressions of satisfaction during that month were showered on the preacher. It was about this time that Ian was asked to speak seriously to a young cousin of his, who was a specially fine fellow but had no interest in religion. The incident is referred to as showing how tactfully he approached the young and got into their hearts. "Come on, John, and let us have a smoke." Ian did not smoke, but that day he did, because it opened the way. John was surprised and disarmed. There was much humour and chaffing, and the cousin, taken pleasedly aback, opened out in a quite remarkable fashion. He felt a sweet humanness in the talk as it passed into deeper things, and the brightness and real merriment of a young Christian life captivated this cousin.

CHAPTER III.

Nazareth and Damascus.

Ian graduated as a doctor in July, 1911, and prepared at once for the foreign field. In the church at Juniper Green he told with quiet modesty what led him to devote his life to missionary work abroad. A brilliant journalist who heard the address wrote Ian's mother saying it was a first-class performance. It was his business as a journalist, he said, to know when such a thing was well done, and this was admirably done. One sentence in the address was, "I have no call to stay at home." The congregation gave him a public meeting, a purse of gold, and a send-off of benedictions. Mr Samuel Barr, Session Clerk, a man among a thousand, made the presentation and said, "Come, Ian, to the front, let us see your face. We all love you." In less than three weeks from his graduation, Ian, who would not hear of a holiday, was under sail for the Holy Land. He was appointed assistant to Dr Frank Scrimgeour, the E.M.M.S. Medical Missionary at Nazareth in Galilee.

The history of the E.M.M.S.'s work at Nazareth was a record of heroism and tragedy. Mr Kaloost Vartan, born an Armenian at Constantinople, was in the Crimean War, where he distinguished himself. His Commanding Officer, charmed with the youth, advised him to come to Britain. He came, studied medicine at Edinburgh, and went out first to Beyrout, then to Damascus, and latterly to Nazareth. After some years he

returned to Edinburgh, married a daughter of the Scottish Manse, and went back to Palestine as a naturalised British citizen. The E.M.M.S. took over from the Syrian Aid Society the work at Nazareth, and Dr Vartan was appointed E.M.M.S first missionary in that spot of holy memories. He built in 1871 a small hospital with ten beds. Later on he gave up his own house and converted it into a hospital with thirty beds. The work grew apace. In 1878 the Government at Constantinople recognised Dr Vartan as a British subject. He purchased 35 acres of ground as a site for Hospital and Missionary's house. £3000 were raised and building was begun. Dr James Hood Wilson, of Edinburgh, laid in 1883 a memorial stone. This was no sooner done than the Turkish authorities raised difficulties. Dr Vartan was an Armenian, and that it was supposed was the root of the opposition. They declared that the building was a fortification, that the firman granting the ground was defective, and that the ground was Crown land and ought never to have been sold. Our ambassador at Constantinople and Lord Granville, Minister of Foreign Affairs, were appealed to, but the Turkish authorities refused to budge. Except for a small compensation the entire effort was lost. Dr Vartan himself was attacked by wild Mahommedans and badly hurt. For a generation the unfinished Hospital on its magnificent site stood dumbly appealing to the future. Dr Vartan heroically began again in a hired house.

Dr Scrimgeour, son of Mr Charles Scrimgeour, a Christian merchant in Dundee, succeeded Dr

Vartan, and Ian Macfarlane was Dr Scrimgeour's assistant. He arrived at Nazareth earlier than expected. He walked straight into the Hospital there, and came on Dr Scrimgeour, and hailed him with "Good morning, Dr Scrimgeour." "Good morning to you, sir, but who are you?" "I am Ian Macfarlane, come to help you." In less than two minutes his jacket was off and he was at work. To stand in Nazareth, Christ's town, and to heal the sick there, thrilled him. Nazareth's surroundings appealed to him. From the hill above the village where the variegated flowers flew their banners of beauty, he saw Tabor rising a dome to the south, and Esdraelon stretching her plains westwards alongside Carmel. The Carmel range guarding these plains ran for miles to the Mediterranean, whose blue waters glistened in the distance. Turning to the north, Hermon of the Transfiguration, girdled with temples, rose in its snowy whiteness 10,000 feet into the cloudless sky. A little eastwards rose the Anti-Lebanon. Its pinewoods and cedars and many altars to Baal, distinguished that turreted rampart. Between these two the plateau ran on which stand the titanic pillars of Baalbec. To the east the hills of Gilead and Galilee enclosed the Lake whose waters Christ sailed and whose shores echoed to His words. Ian felt the spell of it all. Nazareth's stones were pages of history. Its old spring of water attracted him. From it the women with pitchers poised on their heads walked like graceful nymphs. He basked in Nazareth's sunshine where the brilliant monarch of the sky fulfilled its title of the "Grand Duke of Candles."

But to the maimed and diseased whose most intimate companion was Misery, his whole heart went out. His ear for the inward sigh of the sufferer seemed to be as keen as a redskin's when he puts his ear to the ground. The suggestive words were true of him, "Seek not thou the work, the work seeks thee."

Dr Frank Scrimgeour had a very fiery stallion which a grateful Arab presented to him. Ian, who had taken riding lessons before leaving home, often rode this beast of fire and swiftness. He was a fearless rider. Nazareth, sad to say, had its dark and unsentimental side. Its streets in the rainless season had great accumulations of filth, and on hot days were terribly offensive. From these and other insanitary causes this ardent young doctor contracted enteric fever and was ill from November, 1912, to January following. His condition was grave, but a joyful cablegram came announcing that the crisis had passed. The skill of Dr Scrimgeour and the rare devotion of Nurse Johncock, helped his recovery. When he was able to go through the wards of the hospital again the eyes of the patients gleamed with pleasure. One who went round the wards with him was amazed at seeing how he regarded them more as friends than patients. Ian's father and mother had travelled through the Holy Land three years earlier, and now his father went out again and visited Ian, under the hospitable wing of his dear friend, W.W. Naismith, C.A., Glasgow. They had a varied and extensive tour from Beyrout to Hebron and across the Jordan to Mount Pisgah and Nebo. Mr Naismith had

invited Ian to join them, and Dr Scrimgeour granted him leave of absence. Ian met his father and Mr Naismith at Beyrout after they had come by Athens and Constantinople. Dr Scrimgeour organised quite a Reception. He and the Nazareth colony came out to Cana of Galilee to meet the three travellers, and they were all guests of Dr Scrimgeour's in his commodious house on the hillside of Nazareth. When the three travellers started again for the south they passed near Nain and Gilboa and came to Jenin in the evening. Ian was most anxious that they should pay a visit to two lady missionaries who had laboured for many years in a village near Carmel. When he discovered that there was no possible way of reaching them, distress fell upon his face. He turned to his father and said, "Oh, father, if you only knew their devotion and their loneliness it would grieve your heart that we are not able to cheer them by a half-hour's visit." This varied and extensive tour was memorable. The young medical missionary enjoyed his share of it beyond words. Among the many visitors who gladdened Ian at Nazareth was one, a minister, whose impressions were printed in an Ayrshire newspaper. It said:—"There is a young doctor, Macfarlane, here, assistant to Dr Scrimgeour. I never met a laddie so glad to see anyone from home. After dining last night at the Mission house, Macfarlane came to the camp with me, lighting my horse's way with a hand lantern. At the camp we sat on the stone wall for two hours talking of home, of Edinburgh in particular. Then I walked back with him, and he again with me till we parted at 2 a.m. He is keen over his work—full of enthusiasm

—full of self-sacrifice—it was a joy to come in contact with him. We were as brothers in an evening."

The E.M.M.S. granted a furlough to Ian by way of completing his recovery from typhoid. It was desirable that he should be vigorously fit for another reason also. Dr Scrimgeour was coming to Scotland for a forthcoming bazaar in Edinburgh. It was for the New Hospital at Nazareth. Ian would then be in full charge at Nazareth, with the work of two doctors on his shoulders. Ian arrived in Edinburgh in July, 1913. He visited Keswick Convention and the Orphan Homes of Scotland, and stayed with the Quarriers. He gave an interesting account of the work at Nazareth from his father's pulpit, and gave various addresses elsewhere. After a happy busy time he left home on the 11th August, and had a short stay with his younger sister, Flossie, who was in Paris. When he arrived at Nazareth he plunged into the work with his whole strength. Dr Scrimgeour wrote of him:—"At all times I learned to rely upon him to do his best, and to do it cheerfully."

The Bazaar for the Hospital was a great success. Ian was at that time helped by Nurses Johncock and Croft. He did so well at Nazareth that when a Colleagueship at Damascus was under consideration, the E.M.M.S. fixed upon him as the man.

Damascus.

The Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society now decided to promote Ian Macfarlane, who had borne the whole responsibility at Nazareth during Dr Scrimgeour's furlough. They appointed him to the Victoria Hospital in Damascus. The Mission in Damascus was first suggested in 1881 by Mr W. E. Mackintosh of that city. Others backed him in his appeal to the E.M.M.S. The E.M.M.S. responded. They sent out on 1st August, 1882, Dr A. F. Mackenzie, son of the Free Church Manse at Beauly. His health broke and he returned home. In 1884 they sent out Dr Frank Mackinnon, son of the Congregational minister at Avoch, Ross-shire. He had had a training in the Society's Dispensary in the Cowgate. He married Miss Macphail, daughter of "Father John of Benbecula," the exquisite hero of Skye and the Hebrides. During Dr Mackinnon's time that most beautifully equipped of Hospitals—The Victoria—was built. Dr Mackinnon was a man of royal sway in Syria, immensely respected and beloved. He had multiple noble strands in his character and a wholesome out-of-door air. Ian Macfarlane was appointed in 1914 as his colleague and successor. It may be worth stating how deeply our Scottish Hebrides were imbedded in Damascus. Dr A. F. Mackenzie's father was a Lewisman. Dr Mackinnon was by descent a Skyeman and married a Skye lady, and Dr Macfarlane's father was a native of the Island of Lewis. Celts all! Ian was asked by the E.M.M.S. to come home and meet the Directors before proceeding to Damascus. He left Nazareth in June,

1914, and wrote in his diary: "Finished Genesis in my second reading through of the Old Testament." His diary, in which he recorded the work of the day, shows how constant a Bible student he was. On the 7th June, on the day he sailed from Beyrout, he read the whole of Romans, on the 8th the whole of First Corinthians, on the 9th Ephesians and three chapters of Revelation; on the 10th, sailing up the Dardanelles, Galatians. He spent a day in Constantinople and then took train through Bulgaria by Budapest, Vienna, the Rhine, and Paris. He arrived home on 25th June. He booked his return passage by a German ship. The Great War broke out before the date of sailing. The missionaries in Palestine had to clear out as Turkey had come into the war. Dr Mackinnon left Damascus, joined the R.A.M.C., did splendid work first at Malta and then at Alexandria. After the war he returned to Damascus to die. At the age of 62 this prince among men whose thrilling story is well worth telling to the world, died of pneumonia. He was buried near the spot where he gave 30 years of noble service. All the notables of Syria and the Desert gathered at his graveside. Ian happened to be at the meetings of the British Medical Association at Aberdeen in August, 1914, when the war-bolt fell. He and his mother had a supremely happy week there. The home group saw them off and wished they had confetti to shower on them! They had lectures, garden parties, and receptions. They paid a half-day visit to Donald Stewart's manse at Cruden, where Ian was born. One evening they went to a religious service in Aberdeen, and

on coming out Ian said, "That is the best meeting of all we have had." Soon afterwards he joined the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. He became "Resident" under Sir Thomas Frazer, an eagle in whose aged eye fires burned, and whose plumage it was never difficult to ruffle! After a busy and enjoyable time in the "Royal" he went into the Simpson Memorial Hospital to assist Dr J. W. Ballantyne. Dr Ballantyne, who died five or six years afterwards in the midtime of a full and beneficent career, was a close friend of Ian's. He said he mourned for Ian as for a son. He told at Ian's Memorial Service in 1917 how he first met Ian Macfarlane. Ian's mother sent him into town with eggs for Mrs Ballantyne, who was ill. He met Dr Ballantyne coming out at the door and said, "These eggs are from my mother with her love for Mrs Ballantyne." "And who is your mother?" "Mrs Macfarlane of Juniper Green." "How very very kind of her! And what do you do?" "I'm a medical." "And did you carry this basket of eggs through the streets of Edinburgh?" "I did, but that's nothing." "Well, you are the right sort, with no side about you." While at the Simpson Memorial Dr Ballantyne got Ian to contribute three short articles to a Medical Encyclopedia. Ian was astounded to get a cheque for fifteen guineas from the publishers. He modestly did not think they were worth more than a guinea each. When he found that he could leave the Simpson Memorial he joined the R.A.M.C. with the rank of Lieutenant. He had been in the O.T.C. in his University days. He was sent to Eastbourne for training.

There he soon made the acquaintance of the Rev. James Reid, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. They became fast friends. Ian read the Scripture lessons in Mr Reid's Church as he had done at Juniper Green. He made a number of friends in Eastbourne, some of whom came to visit his parents at Juniper Green. Mr Reid was one of those who after Ian's death were keen upon a short memoir of Ian. He wrote:—"I wonder if its not possible to do something in the way of producing a little brochure about him, with some of his letters. The more I think of him the more lustrous is his memory. It is a gift of God to have known him and to have been admitted as I was to the innermost."

When Ian joined the army his pay and allowances were so much more than he got as a missionary that he felt himself a millionaire. He began at once to send cheques home to his sisters and also to philanthropic and specially religious causes. From Eastbourne he came home for a short holiday in July, 1915, before crossing to France. He had a few days at Keswick Convention. There he met several old friends. He lunched with Captain Wisely, the son of Malta's Grand Old Man, Malta's Free Church Minister. Ian felt honoured by this generous helper of Waldensians and others. He then left for the scene of war and joined the Field Ambulance to which the wounded were first carried. There the most harrowing cases were treated. His diaries are full of matter for underlines. Selections are given from his letters rather than his diaries, for the reason that letters on the whole give more natural glimpses of char-

acter and are less formal. After nine months in France he was at his own request sent to Egypt. He felt that in France he had no use for his Arabic, and he wished to use it. He went to Egypt as Captain, R.A.M.C. On arriving at Port Said he was sent to Helnun, and afterwards to Kantara on the Suez Canal, and served in the hospital there. He often bathed in the Canal. The letters from "His Last Field" give glimpses of his life in the East.

The following amusing story, which created much interest, was told by Ian's father at a children's service in Juniper Green:—

The bell of the United Free Church at Juniper Green had once been rung very loudly about 2 o'clock in the morning. Some people got up, thinking it was a fire-alarm. There happened to stay at the time in Juniper Green a man who was known for his practical jokes. He was credited with this bell-ringing, and the strange thing was, he did not take the trouble to deny it. One evening out in the desert of Sinai there were several doctors who after dinner sat round talking of home. Ian was among them. One of them said, "Well, Macfarlane, what part of Scotland do you hail from?" Ian replied, "From near Edinburgh, from a village called Juniper Green." One of them said with a laugh, "Oh, I can tell a story about Juniper Green." "One night two of us, students at the University, went out to spend Hallowe'en with a chum at Juniper Green. We stayed on for hours. Before leaving we said we ought to play some trick now we are here. What shall we try? Our chum

replied, "Well, there's the Free Kirk. What do you say to ringing its bell?" Capital! We gathered some clothes ropes and set off. We found two long ladders. One of us climbed on to the roof and fixed the rope to the bell wheel. We put back the ladders and then rang for all we were worth. After a little the rope broke and we skidaddled by a field behind the Church. We got our bikes and the two of us rushed into town. In Edinburgh we saw two policemen coming towards us. We said, "We are done for, Juniper Green has 'phoned to the police." The policemen, however, let us pass, and we never again heard of the affair. "That was my father's church," said Ian, at which there was astoundment and peals of laughter. The mystery at last solved! And in the far desert of Sinai!

Ian had the time of his life at Sinai and near Gaza. In his mess were brilliant doctors who took the friendliest interest in him and showed him many results of recent research in their special branches. In the letters from "His Last Field" he singles out one of these doctors.

He got the Officers in his mess to begin reading the Bible. He went down to Port Said, quite a long journey, to buy Bibles, which he presented to them. He urged the book on them, first of all as the best guide-book to the localities round them. By and by they got interested in its remarkable histories and in its great teachings, and that is what Ian aimed at and hoped for.

J. H. Lechler of China, a former student of the E.M.M.S., was in Egypt on war service. He and Ian worked together. Lechler wrote:—"Macfarlane

was a good man, a real man of God, and wherever he went he was a blessing. For months we had a blessed time together. Every evening except when we were Orderly Officers for the day we went together into the desert with our Bibles and spent an hour in reading and prayer. He had a most holy influence in the mess of his unit, and he got the men to read their Bibles. He had a real concern for the souls of others. Wherever Ian Macfarlane went he was loved, and was always on the lookout to help men to the Saviour."

In June, 1917, he felt honoured by being appointed Head of a Hospital and a Refuge Camp, and also charge of a Camp for Typhus patients. A fourth thing was also entrusted to him—a dispensary for the villagers of Khan Yunis. That was so like his dispensary work at Nazareth that his heart warmed to it. But it was all too much and too hard for one man. He toiled night and day. Dr Lechler said he did the work of four men. His letter home describing his new work was singularly bright and happy. He was on the crest of the wave. Two hours after that happy letter arrived a telegram was handed in at the manse announcing that he was down with fever at Kantara. His diary entries are pathetic, feeling so tired with a temperature of 102 and yet doing his full work as if normal. The last entry was on 8th July, when he jots down that he was full of pains in back and limbs and head. Dr John Scott, who is in the Cowgate students' stairgroup, went with him to Kantara Hospital, where Ian was well known. It was thought at first it was a case of ordinary fever, but after a few days it was pronounced typhus. In his delirium his

mind turned to what was ever his chief joy, Christ and the Gospel. At one point when he had a little clearness a voice was heard that sounded of home, at which he called, "Oh, is that you, father?" A shadow fell on his eyes when he was told, "No, not your father." An Officer who stood much by him said, "I never heard delirium like this, not one swear, not one bad or bitter word. This was truly a man of God." He died on the 18th July, 1917, at the age of 29. He was buried in the Soldiers' Cemetery at Kantara. His Commanding Officer wrote at once and said, "Personally I realised his exceptional ability and energy. I fear the primary cause of his illness was due to the enthusiasm he showed in supervising personally every detail of his new work. He has been a great loss to us, both as a man and as a friend." His successor at Khan Yunis wrote that "Captain Macfarlane had completely stamped out the typhus without losing one case. His own strength was sapped in the great efforts he made." When the news of his death reached home on Saturday, 21st July, it cast a great gloom, and on the following day in the Church at Juniper Green many eyes were moist. The E.M.M.S. wished to hold a Memorial Service for him in his father's church. His father consented, provided it should at the same time be a service for all the members of the congregation who had fallen in the war. The names of the fallen were all read and a few remarks by the pastor made about each. Then came without remark Ian's name, the last, and Colonel Cathcart, R.A.M.C., President of the E.M.M.S., mounted the pulpit and spoke of Ian. Then Ian's friend and chief at the Simpson

Memorial, Dr J. W. Ballantyne, after whom Dr James Ritchie of Charlotte Square, directors of the E.M.M.S., paid touching tributes to Ian. The main address of the service was given by Sheriff Robert L. Orr, K.C., in which thoughts of beauty and words of sympathy were brought to the parents of those fallen heroes. In regard to Ian tributes came from far and near to console the broken hearts at home. Between four and five hundred letters were received within a few days of the announcement of his death. Some of those letters had golden tributes, some were written through tears, many were written with gratitude for a young life nobly lived. It must suffice to quote one only, his dear friend John Hitchcock, who himself afterwards died a Medical Missionary in Calabar. Dr Hitchcock had taken a deep hold of Ian's affection. He wrote :—"You will have a deep and solemn joy that God gave you a son whose friendship all who shared it will treasure as a sacred possession while life lasts." One or two of his fellow students at the Cowgate fell in the war, among them Joseph Venables, a native of New Zealand. The present Medical Missionary at Nazareth is Dr Bathgate, also from New Zealand. He was one of the juniors whom Ian rejoiced in. John Kingon was another of Ian's friends. He is a minister in his native South Africa. He was most anxious that a scholarship to help medical missionary students should be instituted in memory of Ian Macfarlane. Others had thought of raising money to name a bed after him in the Nazareth Hospital. But these kind projects fell into abeyance, his friends being scattered and the war too distracting.

Ian Macfarlane's Letters.

He was a great letter writer and kept up with several correspondents. The letters to his own home were so numerous and varied that no others are quoted. Of these, it is snatches only that could be given in this booklet. When his sisters Maben and Flossie went war nursing and his only brother Bryce enlisted, letters to them were regularly written by him.

The Diaries give the chapters of Scripture read every day, his professional and other reading, the letters received and despatched, the operations performed, and the events of each day and the day's expenses.

His Letters from Nazareth.

Augt., 1911—S.S. "Irawaddy." Biscay is tame. Off Spain I felt bit queer, never missed a meal. Sat up to see "Gib," which we passed at night, outline seen. To-day passed close to Algiers, beautifully situated, stretching like our "lang toon" of Fife, white walls, red Colinton roofs, reaching from shore up hillside in trim confusion. If you both added Algiers to your travels I would like to join you there. Our passengers are mostly Government men, with two ladies and a tiny babe. Most are addicted to the bottle. The baby also! They glory in telling me that non-smokers and abstainers have no chance of life in the East. They'll all be centenarians! My cabin mate hails from Yorkshire. Last night in the heat we lay awake and talked on Missions. He said I had gumption and offered me a job in Egypt with hefty screw. He paid lots of compliments—mere tripe. No good. He cannot understand me. Money is his god. The ship-doctor knew our friend, John Hitchcock. That drew me to him. The passengers address me "Missionary Doctor." I don't know, nor do I care what they call me in private. They also call me the "best skittles player on board." Good for missions! The ship fare is excellent with exceptions. The porridge I call "poultice" — what a difference from our home-cooked. At 6.30 the steward brings the early morning cup of tea. I have steadily refused and beg for cold water instead. We get fish, ham and eggs, sausages *ad lib*. At lunch we have what they call broth, without a

vegetable in it! The tea and coffee are a caution. Other things excellent.

Sept. 1st, 1911. I landed at Port Said on 30th, went to Eastern Exchange Hotel. Cheaper hotels full of Turks and undesirables. Lots of Scotch in Eastern Exchange. Left for Cairo next morning. At Cairo Station was nearly torn to pieces by the porters' scramble for my luggage. To-day I visited Nile Mission Press, attended a prayer meeting there, when a direct descendant of Mahomet took part. Went to Citadel and had panoramic view of Cairo. Visited Citadel Mosque and afterwards bazaars, saw sharp bargainings. I visited the C.M.S. Medical Missionary Hospital with nearly 600 patients, and only *two* men in charge. Poor chaps, pale and thin! At 8 o'clock I addressed a meeting of soldiers at the Russell Soldiers' Home, where our good friends, Mr and Mrs Firth, preside. They had had your letter about my visit to Cairo, and they have been exceedingly kind. On Sunday I address the soldiers' meeting again and leave next morning for Port Said and Haifa, where I hope to arrive on Wednesday, 5th September.

Sept., 1911. I have arrived. A great fight in Nazareth and some men badly stabbed. We were called out to attend them. Fighting and stabbing are common events. In Nazareth of such holy memories! I am "bunged up" to the eyes with work. The insanitary condition of the town and of our surroundings a sore trial, but for the sake of the Great Cause one must endure. The British nurses don't go out for exercise. I have offered to watch the Hospital two days a week and let them

out. I'll drive them out these days if they don't willingly go! Went to church on Sunday and felt glad to be in a place of worship with others again. The service was in Arabic. I wish I could climb our hill and meditate. It's grand when I ride quietly out to cases in the villages. . . I am glad both of you had such a varied holiday in Ireland, from the Giant's Causeway in the north to Killarney in the south, with days in Belfast, Dublin and Cork. Your visit to Mr Armitage's Island off Kenmare coast and his hospitality were splendid. What luck for Bryce to have invitation to the Campbell's farm at Ardeonaig. How he and I enjoyed Ardeonaig last year, and our climb of Ben Lawers! . . . I had a letter from Mr Gibb, Mount Pelier. How curious! He was leader of an orchestra in Dundee. My chief was a member. . . . I am reading Christina M'Nab. I gave the "Roadmender" to one of our British Colony. He didn't see its charm.

Sept., 1911. I have got lumbago. Perhaps it's hearing about mother's attack in Ireland that induced it! I'm afraid of my mirror to-day, lest I should see some grey hairs! I'm on the sick list, but don't be alarmed. It is what every missionary goes through who comes out as I did for the first time in burning weather. I lay in bed until 11 to-day, got up, and have done nothing but get lost in Nazareth. It's the most confusing place, narrow streets with no names, and tall houses on both sides, and with no landmark except smells. The smells are constant no matter how high the winds. Wherever I move in the streets the women and children hail me as the New Doctor. The climate

makes one feel limp, and praying under such conditions is hard work. I shall endeavour to get up early and read my Bible, etc., before it is hot. With the great heat at present I just creep through.

And so Maben has enrolled at Women's Missionary Training College. The chief boon of Colleges seems to me not the learning but getting on with other folk, mixing with different varieties and shades of opinion, able to think for one's self and hold one's own, without estranging those of opposite opinions. Mix with the crowd more and study lectures less is the grandfatherly advice of a done old-stager of a brother!

Sept., 1911. I had my first real walk since coming to Nazareth. I made for top of the hill. I walked fast through the streets to the astonishment of the natives who think it strange to go beyond a meandering crawl. When I took off my hat and carried it, that was the limit. No man uncovers his head night or day. . . . I must read up some surgery or I shall become a septic old stick! . . . There was to be a *post mortem* on a murdered man to-day, but the friends of the murderer came forward and offered money to the town doctor to hush things up, and he has accepted. That's Turkish justice. Had the friends of the murdered man made a counter-offer of a larger sum the trial would have gone on. . . . I have read "Out of Doors in the Holy Land" and Jackson of Manchuria's Life. I was suggesting at the Hospital that we should get George Adam Smith's "Historical Geography of the Holy Land" and read a chapter aloud when our day's work is done. I'm

sure the nurses need something like that to lift their minds out of hospital routine. I made myself hoarse reading Mark Twain to them the other night.

[The two British nurses were Miss Johncock and Miss Croft. Miss Croft died suddenly at Nazareth. Miss Johncock stayed on at Nazareth through the war to nurse the wounded. She died from over-toil.—Ed.]

Oct., 1911. My last letter of 28 pages, and previous one of 16, reached, I hope, notwithstanding the cholera in ports through which they passed. I was at church this morning, but couldn't follow the service. During the singing I couldn't mouth the Arabic words. I didn't la-la-la. I just whistled through the tune like "Whistling Rufus." The place was stifling, so the people couldn't object to a little air hitting them, especially with a song in it! As I sat in the back seat I let my whistling rise to a blast! My outlays just now are all on collections and postage stamps! The nurses here expect me to be grave and professional. I fear they are shocked by my sitting on patients' beds, tickling them, pulling their hair and whiskers and whistling a tune! I observe that someone has described me in the "Life of Faith" as Assistant Surgeon to Dr Scrimgeour. It must be one of the many travellers we had. It would be more correct to call me "General Director and Supervisor of all the hard work done in Nazareth, leaving the Chief out!"

Oct., 1911. The really knowing and intelligent people here are longing to see this country under Britain. They know that no progress will be made

under Turkey, but they cling to Turkey for religious reasons. Reports here are rife that the Holy Land will be divided among the European Powers, Britain getting from Gaza to Jaffa, France and Germany getting the rest. I firmly believe Britain will one day have this land. If Britain sends an army out here I shall certainly offer my services. At present these services would not be worth much, but when I know the language and the country, they might do worse than accept! I would be doing the highest good for this land. I have a letter from John Hitchcock, who never opens his lips without dropping gems; and also one from Charlie Graham. Charlie's letter shows a real touch of genius. His description of scenery moves one's envy. It shows his artistic temperament. His humour bubbles up everywhere.

Nov., 1911. As Christmas draws nearer I feel utterly dependent on you. I must give a Xmas gift to everyone here. I enclose a list. Send me parcels of books for them, up-to-date, catchy, popular books. For myself, "Punch" is an unfailing friend. How eagerly I read it! We are so shut into our narrow life, the same round day by day, that we need the flash and freshness of that journal's pages.

Dec., 1911. Dr and Mrs Scrimgeour are kindness itself to me. They anticipate my every need. Anyone who assists my Chief would have a difficult job to find a better. He never forces "night calls" on me, nor asks me unless I feel quite fit.

Dec. 22nd, 1911. We are in the excitement of preparations for Christmas dinners, Christmas trees, lantern lectures, a great time for young and

old, and presents to all the Europeans. What stacks of books and parcels and letters you have sent me! Also from the Beeches, Waverley, and Ridgmhor, from Dr Ballantyne, Aunt Billy Whitehead, and Aunt Mary with "Evangelists."

I went to Cana in a downpour of rain to have an operation. My waterproof and leggings and big boots were a perfect protection. Please send me a sou'-wester, size 7, of the fisherman order. An hour's ride brought me to Cana. The patient was a woman. You have no idea what surgical operations mean here. The patient lay on a dirty floor in a room where a camel, a donkey, fowls, and about 20 people were. I said chloroform was necessary. They all shouted "No" in Arabic. I packed my instruments and made for the door, a bit of bluff! They implored me to operate without chloroform. I refused. At length they yielded. I gave the chloroform, not one of them would help. They all stood round and criticised. It was anxious work. Hot water to get and basins and hot cloths, and administer chloroform and operate all alone. Providence is with us here, and people come through what nobody could stand in the old country. When the whole thing was over they kissed my hand and bowed and crowded round and poured Mohammedan blessings on my head. Food and drink were urged on me. I was the man of the hour. It was God who gave me the cool head and courage for this difficult and successful job all alone.

Dec., 1911. My Sunday class of men and lads goes on. They are all theologians. I ask them what they think of this or that, and they seem

astonishingly at home with knotty points. The C.M.S. Chaplain says they pray as no D.D. at home he has ever heard can. They seem religious to the core. No matter how sick, when asked how they are, they always say, "Thank God." If you hope they will soon be better, they always say, "God willing." They never get away from religion, and yet they are just machines wound up, and like gramaphones, say the same things over and over again. In spite of their religiousness they steal and lie and cheat and see nothing wrong in it. On Christmas Day all the prominent members of the church meet after service to do their membership calls, a sort of pastoral visitation but not by the pastor. They begin at the nearest house, they all crowd in, sit down, and give best wishes to the occupier. A tray of sweets is handed round and every person takes some. Cigarettes are smoked, and coffee is handed to each one. Someone says "Yullah" (Come, let's go), and they all move off. The whole thing takes about five minutes. They go to the next house, the owner bunking ahead to receive them. The same programme again. In this fashion the whole congregation is visited. If any house is passed over the people stop Church-going till the following Christmas—a year's sulking! A letter from Charlie Graham just in announcing that his sister Effie and Bill Fleming have agreed to form a Joint Stock Company!—a good thing for medical missions in China.

Jan., 1912. To-day the Chief and I rode to Nain, half across the Plain of Esdraelon. The Plain has rich, loamy soil, and the flowers are

appearing. Between the former and latter rain (which is now), there is a fortnight of lovely weather when greenness and beauty clothe the ground. Our patient at Nain was a man of 50 with an obscure nervous trouble which we could not determine. How we longed for Byrom Bramwell or his son Edwin to consult with!

Jan., 1912. To-day is the coldest day which I think I ever experienced. It is terrific. There is no fireplace in the whole of Nazareth, stoves only. I would much rather have the hottest day I ever knew, 100 times over, than this Arctic thing. The Chief is going about in a huge overcoat, and he talks of putting on a fur-lined above that. Our servants are great thieves, everything they can lay hands on goes. My drinking water, boiled daily for me, goes. I have asked them how they would like something put into it that would sicken and discover the thief! That way of detection suggests a book on "Modern Missionary Methods." How it would sell! and I could retire on the profits of it!!

Jan., 1912. Letters from home don't reach me just now with regularity. If the Turks open them I don't wonder they should keep them, they are so good and uplifting. Two days ago I went for an operation to Safourey, the site of the ancient great city of Sepphoris, whose wonderful and gigantic remains I have several times visited. If only the Palestine Exploration Fund came, what treasures they would find in them. They must purchase if they wish to explore, and when owners hear that the P.E.F. is coming, prices rise to the clouds. I have in spare moments (when here on medical

visits) constituted myself a small P.E.F., and have done some exploring, and have in my possession bits of a mosaic floor. That floor seems in perfect condition, and runs about a foot under the surface of the ground. There are tombs with sarcophagi. There are interesting aqueducts, etc. If you should ever send this letter with its full list of all I have seen to the British Museum, they could do worse than send you £50 for it! I rode the Chief's fiery horse to Safourey. The Arabs who came for me and rode back to Safourey tried to show off, and keep ahead with their well-groomed horses. But they had no chance with my noble steed, and their esteem for me rose 100 per cent.! The patient in this case was stabbed in a brawl, the knife struck into his forehead and down into the eye. I had my ophthalmoscope with me. After the usual antiseptic washing of the wound, I used this instrument to see if the retina were intact, which involved adjusting mirrors, lenses, and lights. It fairly stupified the people with wonder.

Jan., 1912. Two days ago I had a ride on the Chief's magnificent horse. What a brute for strength and speed! He could jump anything. The Chief is cautious, and would not let me ride his horse if he thought I couldn't control him. I crossed the Esdraelon Plain to-day to ancient Shunem. I wish you had been with me riding where so many races, empires, and faiths have contended and gone. You must come again and we shall ride across it together.

[This was fulfilled 15 months later.—Ed.].

Jan., 1912. With Flossie in Paris and me here you must spend a lot on postage stamps! Foreign rate, too. It's worth it all. I certainly think my weekly letter home a most important part of my religious exercises and of my pleasures. If at any time I seem downcast, people hereabouts say, "Oh, Macfarlane has had no letter from home for some days." Well, the home letter does lift me marvellously.

Feb., 1912. A card handed in to-day with the name of Miss Wharton Thompson of Harrogate. I went to the hotel and found her, and also Rev. J. J. Luce of Gloucester and Mrs Luce, and Mr and Mrs Prestige, all of whom you know. Mr Luce recalled being your guest at Bridge-of-Allan Convention. We went sight-seeing and spent hours at Church of the Annunciation, the Carpenter's Shop, the famous Well, etc., and went up the hill. Mrs Prestige, who is a beautiful soul, remembered I had met her at Port Erin and given her a tip about a house for her clergy party at Keswick. . . . I have a Bible reading to take on Thursday. I wish these good visitors were staying to take it for me. Mr Luce gladly would, but they had only 18 hours in Nazareth. Mr Luce invited me to stay at his Rectory when I get home. Every Wednesday the C.M.S. missionary and I have a game of football with the natives. We had to-day a rattling game. Some of the natives are experts. I enjoy it splendidly. It shakes up my Nazareth liver! The two happiest on the field are the C.M.S. and myself. The native players think us the greatest and wisest men in Nazareth! They, like most Orientals, don't

say what they think, but what they imagine will please. People here don't know what it is to have "confidential talks" among themselves. To-day I saw a woman whose queenly figure and carriage I have never seen equalled; yet she has lived and toiled in a tent all her days. The way these people carry themselves is majestic. The balancing of burdens on their heads seems to impart form and beauty. . . . Dr Torrance writes me that a fourth baby has been born to him, in his third marriage. He has pithily expressed it: "Chapter 3, verse 4"! Maben's p.c. from top of the Righi just received, in raptures over Switzerland and its grandeurs.

Feby., 1912. I long to be able to speak Arabic freely, as we have patients interested in everything, a particularly intelligent, simple lot of men. They delight in spinning yarns by the mile, and I listen in the hope of picking up some words. They ask me about my country, how many brothers and sisters I have, what my father is, and if he's rich, and do I send him money, etc. They get few chances of talking to a Britisher, and they use the chance. I am going to Jerusalem to get "a golden crown," yes, nothing less than a golden crown! but in my mouth, back upper molar! Your account of the lively Medical Demonstration at Juniper Green is amusing. Barton did it well, and Pederson too, a broad chap in every sense, and Shafter, so able and likeable. Taylor has a future in front of him, and Bathgate and Frazer and Graham, all capital fellows. I have been here five months now. I like the place, work, climate, and everything, and don't know how I will ever like leaving it. And

yet I have been very empty to-day, and all day. I tried at lunch to fill the aching void—no good; also at dinner again—no good. Nothing but a letter from home can fill it. Curious how unfillable it is. The void is just at one's "bread-basket," and I can feel every mouthful of food going straight to it, but just at the psychological spot a valve directs it elsewhere, and the void remains! It's good it cannot be filled with anything so commonplace and plentiful as food.

Feby., 1912. I arrived at Olivet House Hotel, Jerusalem. I visited Dr Wright at Nablus, and stayed a night with him at the foot of Gerrizim, saw Ahab's Palace and Jacob's Well and Joseph's Grave, and since getting to Jerusalem walked round the walls and right through Solomon's Quarries under the city. There the Temple stones were prepared and dressed. When the Temple itself was built there was heard no sound of hammer. I went to the dentist, a funny chap. He started as a monk and gave it up for "teeth." He took much trouble with my molar, for which, doctor though I be, I had to pay £6 6s. I have met Dr Masterman of the L.J.S. Hospital, brother of the Cabinet Minister. He took me along to his dispensary at Siloam and to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Dr Corbet I knew when resident at the Cowgate. He is second in charge at the L.J.S. I went to a Bible Reading at Canon Brown's, whose daughter was at school at Craigmount with Flossie. He remembered perfectly when Father and Mother called on him in Jerusalem and told them that although an Episcopalian he was brought up at the feet of Horatius Bonar!

1912. To-day I saw an infant, ten days old, baptised in the Greek Church. The poor thing was three times completely immersed by the priest. Terrible! The Bishop of London is expected shortly. He will hold a Confirmation, remain a night and pass on to Tiberias. We have visitors at all hours, and show them round the Hospital. Americans ask endless questions, pull out their notebooks, and jot down our answers. We are awfully busy. I know you are continually remembering me in prayer, and that is my great asset. . . . The Bishop of London arrived. We all met him in a social way the first evening. He was delightful. Next day he had a Confirmation service, and before it he looked into the Hospital for professional advice. I was all alone. He remarked that it was not every day I had a Bishop as patient, and especially the Bishop of four millions of people! Whereupon I said "My reputation is made for life!" . . . My eyes are my weak point, and here the glare and dust and hot dry winds try them. But where could I go as medical missionary and not have conditions that would try them? I must just be as happy here as it is possible to be, and be grateful I'm so well. . . . The Rev. Wm. Falconer, Mr Brown Douglas, and Mr Hole, R.S.A., are here. Glad to see them. Mr Forder of Jerusalem, who saw a good deal of you in Palestine, is their conductor. . . . The longer I live the more I need your prayers. Life is complex both in and out of hospital, and it needs God's guidance to get through.

June, 1912. I was invited to a Greek Church ceremony. I went and was received into a house

full of the local big pots, civic and ecclesiastical, and was given a principal seat. The Bishop of Greek Church, whose leg we amputated at Hospital, was there. We got a leg from Gardner's for him, but though it was a beauty, it did not fit. He just goes on a bucket-stump. He is an autocratic, imperious old chap of magnificent appearance, on the best of terms with all of us. After the ceremony we sat waiting for supper. After an hour I was "fed up" and rose to go. Being one of the chief guests, they hurried up for me. I agreed to wait. How they eat! I was asked to lead and help myself. It was well I did. All the guests (Bishop included) grabbed with their hands chunks of the roasted lamb which was placed in a small bath on the table with many other dishes pleasing and various. Never one word spoken during the meal. They worked earnestly and hard, stuffing themselves and sweating. The sweat began to pour down in less than five minutes. No spoons, but both hands going! . . . Father must be delighted to see Sir Robert Wright and family in Church regularly, all that long way from The Loan. What fine company for worthy Dugald M'Callum and the Johnstons, and faithful Mary Brown! It gladdens me to visualise the procession.

Sept., 1912. I have been to Baalbec with its colossal ruins, have been some thousands of feet up Hermon, have seen the cedars of Lebanon, and have now come to Beyrout, and am in the hands of Dray the Dentist. Mother will remember him. He was here when mother travelled over all these parts long ago with Uncle Jack. At this hotel there

is a daughter of the Rev. Dr John Macleod of Govan (a grand-niece of the celebrated Dr Norman of the Barony). She is married to Major Macdonald, son of Lord Kingsburgh, and has two beautiful children. She knows the Forresters of Woodfield and the Byrom Bramwells and many people you know. She is young and charming and dilutes the ecclesiastical strain in her by smoking at the dinner table! She says she would take me for a footballer and not a missionary! She and I are very friendly in spite of our different points of view. She may come to see me at Nazareth. She invites me to visit them at Cairo. When she goes to Scotland she will run out to Juniper Green. . . . Dr Sterling of Gaza C.M.S. Hospital, a great Arabic scholar, is also here. I had a long talk with him. He is one of the most influential missionaries in the Moslem world. He knows the Bible in Arabic better than in English, knows the Arabic Koran intimately. He has two services every day in his Hospital at Gaza, and knows that many Moslems are convinced and converted, although fear of poison and death makes them silent. . . . This is father's birthday. I wish I were with you to take my share in the usual birthday speeches and in all the old fun. . . . I have had a letter from our bright and overflowing friend, Mary Ferguson, from her mission field in India. What soul she possesses! It's an inspiration to read such an epistle, and just the kind every missionary should be able to *write* and *live*.

Sept., 1912. I went to Beyrout. Dr Webster, whom you both met in 1910, is all you said of him,

very rare. I have met several people who said I'm the picture of my mother, which makes me proud. Some remembered mother's visit when she was Miss Livingston, and have asked if she is coming out on a third visit. They are talking of me as supplying Damascus Hospital when Dr Mackinnon goes home on leave. He has a glorious reputation as a surgeon, and it would be difficult to succeed him. Pray much for me, my dears, that I may have the Divine guidance for every step in the future as in the past. Oh, don't forget the tremendous forces that lower out here the temperature of the soul. Sometimes they feel like a crushing weight. Work here needs not only to be remembered, but to be wrestled and fought for in prayer. Your prayers as well as my own I truly need. Nothing in all the world encourages me like knowing that you are constantly praying for me—nothing.

Oct., 1912. I had a letter from Charlie Graham, breathing a spirit of humility which is most refreshing, with here and there a stroke of deep insight and real genius. The quiet humour pervading makes it an original and delightful epistle. Is John Hitchcock back to Calabar? You remember his visits to the manse? Young Mackinnon of Damascus is a charming fellow. He goes to Edinburgh soon. I hope he will go to see you. He speaks of joining the Sudan Medical Mission. I have urged him to stay at Damascus and help his father. I spent a splendid holiday with him all through Gilead. Heard from Mr Blyth. I am sending him some views of our Sunday School, in which he will be interested. I wonder will he who loves travel

ever take a trip out here. There is no scope here for spending my money. I don't smoke, drink, or buy costly clothes, and I want you to do my spending for me—on yourselves, not on me. You should have some outings, drives and lunches in Edinburgh. . . . I had recently a case of cancer at Cana (far too many of these cases here). Darkness fell before I could return. The patient's friends offered me revolvers against robbers, but my hands were full. When we came on any man, my nervous horse bolted past him like lightning. When we got home the horse was so exhausted with fear and speed he could not touch supper.

Dec., 1912. I am now able to walk a little after my illness. Miss Johncock, who nursed me through, has been telling me of things I said. As you know in typhoid there is much delirium, and I was delirious for days and nights on end. I understand I said most laughable things, but she says it was mostly preaching and praying. Strangely enough she says I gave some addresses which helped her greatly, especially one on "Hid with Christ in God." That was a text I thought much about during the first three days, the only days I was conscious. Not one jot of them can I remember. She said I seemed to have a large congregation before me, and preached and prayed till I was so exhausted she had to stop me. I stopped always at her first word. My temperature was then up to 103-104 deg. She tells me that one day I addressed the House of Commons as Prime Minister, and submitted a Bill for Home Rule for Ireland. I told the House in the coolest fashion

that the notes of my speech were left behind, but that they would soon be here! She wished me to drink milk, but I said "Don't you hear my squeaky voice? A Prime Minister shouldn't have such a voice. Give me water and not milk"; and I said after getting it, "See how clear my voice is now." I drank gallons of water. Once she put me in a cold pack, my temperature being celestial. I said to her, "Why do you put your husband's washing on my legs to dry?" Miss Johncock kept me laughing over these and numberless other things I said. After my illness, I felt woefully weak and tired, and as I was unable to do anything to keep me busy, the feeling of home-sickness became so awful that I hope I shall never again have anything like it. Mother's suggestion that I should now let my beard grow is quaint. Even in these uncivilised regions I must keep up a little respectability! Of course I know that King George and father, and Mr Guthrie, and Mr Barr, and other sensible folks cultivate beards, but I'm ower young to jine them yet! . . . I had a letter from the Wilsons, that old couple up the many stairs in the High Street. Bless them, the dear old souls! After I see you all at home, my first visit must be to their house. It's a privilege to know a saint like Wilson, and an honour to have any share in his thoughts. I hope you will all find your way often to that wonderful old man's bedside. It's a bit of Paradise in the slums. How good it is to be friends with the poor! Sometimes we have wealthy patients in our Hospital, and I am thankful to say we treat the very poorest as carefully and attentively as we treat the

rich. Sometimes the rich are angry at this, but it makes not the slightest difference to us. Our great difficulty is to preserve the spiritual tone amid all our constant work.

Feby., 1913. What great news that father and Mr Naismith are coming to visit the Holy Land! Father's second visit, too. It seems too good to be true. I have read and re-read the letters many a time just to convince myself that it isn't a delightful dream, destined to dissolve into thin nothings. I lost my head entirely, couldn't eat or do anything for sheer joy. The Chief and Mrs Scrimgeour want father and Mr Naismith to stay with them in their house, and they ask me also, but I should prefer they stayed with me to see exactly how I live. A party of tourists called here to-day—Old Kirkers—Revs. Burnet of Liberton; Porteous, St. James', Leith; and Donaldson of Forfar, who knows father well. . . . I have been reading the "Letters of Marcus Dods" with much enjoyment. Some of his remarks are most trenchant. . . One poor man who died after an operation was dressed by his relatives in his best clothes, collar, handkerchief, etc. They all sat round him in the open coffin and wailed, and beat their breasts and tore their hair and worked themselves into a frenzy, nine-tenths of which was show and perhaps one-tenth sorrow. I have seen many funerals here, and the unreality is terrible. The spirit is, "I have been to yours, you come to mine." They are largely attended. . . . I have written Kilpatrick of Gorgie telling him he should come here for his semi-jubilee. . . . The old women of the villages are tremendous

pests. They tell their friends that we do awful things in Hospital and dissuade them from our treatment until under the most desperate pain they come too late. Oh, the blind madness of these old hags, many lives are lost through their lies!

May, 1913. You will now have father home after his happy Palestine tour. He and Mr Naismith were brown as niggers with sunburn. They must both be as tough as steel after all their walking and climbing and what I might call their jockey-racing! A circular about the Nazareth bazaar has just come. Everybody of consequence is in it. It would be well that you sent your contributions to the "Nazareth Stall." I hope to see Flossie when I pass through Paris on my way home when "leave" comes. If not, then most certainly on my return with pockets full of E.M.M.S. cash! . . . Through wretched little visitors I had non-metallic springs in my bed last night! Charles Robson of Alloa's visit was an intense pleasure to us. . . . Miss Johncock is going home to Dover. She will be in Edinburgh for the Bazaar and will stay with Dr Ritchie at Charlotte Square. I'm sure you'll give her a hearty welcome, not only for her own sake, but also for her service and care in nursing me back through typhoid to life again. She has heard me speak no end about my ideal and wonderful home, and I'm glad she is to visit it. The garments have arrived. I shall let you know soon how much bigger I have grown. I expect a number of the buttons will fail to do their duty!

After furlough, August, 1913. The "Morea" landed me safely at Port Said, on this my second journey to Palestine. On the ship there were many nice people, but not one did I find who cared for any spiritual conversation. They were all out for wealth or pleasure or high society. One of them gave up medicine after 20 years of it and had gone into sheep farming in New Zealand. He said he was happier and wealthier. I can believe he's wealthier, but doubt the "happier." "How much better is a man than a sheep." Helping and healing others is one of the happiest things in life. When this backsliding passenger knew I was returning as a missionary to Nazareth, he said, "Oh, you must be a beggar of the hot and lively sort." I said, "I hope I am." Since reaching Port Said I have read the Bible Society's report. It is most inspiring. I hear that Forder of Jerusalem's son is in the Bible depôt here. I must go and see him, and give a sovereign to this noble work of Bible distribution. I must not lessen my givings. I could, I think, lessen my luxuries, such as the weekly "Punch," which I confess would be a real sacrifice.

Sept., 1913. Now that Dr Scrimgeour has left for Edinburgh, I scarce have time to think of anything but my patients. Indeed I almost feel guilty when I let my thoughts wander towards home. Yet my duty to home calls me to think of you to whom I owe an unpayable debt. You can understand how the responsibility here presses on me. I so need your prayers and feel upheld by them. I feel deep in my soul that it is a grand and a blessed thing to

help the poor sick folks. If only people in Scotland who have little joy in living knew the intense pleasure that springs in one who relieves the sick and the suffering, they would find a fortune of the heart in leaving comfortable homes for such work. Life here is worth living, the many disadvantages notwithstanding.

Nov., 1913. I hope now that I am in full charge, the Hospital, both in operations and finances, may surpass last year. Each year hitherto has left its predecessor behind. However, that is not my chief desire. It is rather that this Hospital should be a centre and dispenser of humane and unselfish and loving service. I think that is what Christ would have it be. A miniature "Kingdom of God" at Nazareth. For this, specially remember me. . . . I rode out three hours to visit an Arab Sheik who had been a patient here. He owns two wives and 600 tents, where his followers cluster round him. He looks ferocious, but is most hospitable. A sheep was killed on my arrival and brought in on a large tray heaped round with rice. We sat down and tucked in with nature's knife and fork! Leaving him I made sick visits and climbed the hill behind Nain. It is higher than Tabor. The view was glorious. The next time I visit the fierce old Sheik I shall stay all night. Thanks muchly for the heather, so reminiscent of our favourite Pentlands. I had a call from an African medical missionary lately. He said a medical missionary should not mind if he gets rusty in medical knowledge, provided he is alive and active on the evangelistic side. Strange doctrine! The work here

forces me to keep keen and abreast as far as I can. I feel I'm here to give Gospel healing. I preach by doing it worthy of the Gospel. Quality is of the nature of the Evangel. I do much of my evangelising through the healing art.

Dec., 1913. How splendid your American Tea! I devoured your description of it. It was ripping of the Work Party to give it for an Operating Table for our new Hospital. Nothing could be more pat. Just "It." The soap from Nablus which I sent for the Hospital Bazaar was stolen between this and the coast. The thieves, I hope, have now sweeter skins! . . . I have had several cases lately of leeches in the throat, the result of drinking dirty water. Young leeches abound in the water. They stick in the throat and grow there and suck the blood. It's a job to get some of the beggars out. Here is part of a grandiloquent letter I had the other day:—"A teacher in our school devoured in drinking a worm-like molecule, and he feels it in his palate when devouring"! Thank you for the green-tinted writing-pad. It is soothing to my glare-troubled eyes. Eyes are eyes out here.

The Bible Reading came off to-day. We were eight all told. I spoke of our blessings in Christ, starting with Ephesians i., 3. What a theme, bewildering in its riches! I believe I had far greater pleasure in preparing than my hearers in listening. I read through the whole New Testament for this one subject. When one reads the New Testament for one subject, other alluring avenues open, down which one longs to wander.

I would like to know exactly how much you are giving for me to the Central and Foreign Mission Funds, now that my salary has been raised to £120. I must give my right proportion. I long to be in everything a better Christian and a higher example to people here. O how I wish I were more patient and sweet-tempered.

1913. The home snapshots have arrived. One of mother by herself standing on the lawn with a cowboy hat in her hand, unwilling as usual to be "took"; one of Maben, sitting on the grass smilingly nursing her knee, and most evidently thinking of the ulcers she has been lately dressing at the Cowgate dispensary! Professor Chiene used to say to the students:—"Gentlemen, remember you've got to make your bread and butter off ulcers"; one of father and mother, rather dim. I can't make out whether father is helping mother to make tea or whether he is trying for the first time to darn a sock! Mother seems to be earnestly discussing how best to run the household! I'm glad to have them. Bryce's interesting and exhilarating letters are always most welcome. They contain news which no other letter does—"Rugger," "Foreign Stamps," "Meteorology," etc. . . . This is a Moslem feast day. So we gathered all the patients into the Central Hall and gave gramaphone selections—"I wish I were a Bobby" and such like; and lantern slides of Dundee (the Chief's native town), the Trossachs, and America. Mrs Scrimgeour spoke to them in Arabic. Glad you are working might and main for the Nazareth Bazaar. The site of the new Hospital is splendid, high

above the village, 23 acres of ground, so that vegetables for the patients and the staff can be grown. The Chief's house, now finished, is built on part of that ground, and is commodious. . . . Flossie's letters from Paris I simply devour. She will soon speak French so well that she may have difficulty in re-learning her English!

Jan., 1914. I have had two important letters lately. The first was from Dr Mackinnon, Damascus, in which he says:—"I write to ask if you would not be willing to come on here as Colleague and Successor when your term at Nazareth is finished. You know something of our work, and how necessary it is that a strong man should represent the E.M.M.S. Damascus is a most important centre. Think and pray over the matter and let me have a line at your earliest convenience." The second letter was from Dr Torrance, Tiberias. He says:—"Is there any chance of your trying a spell of work in Tiberias, now that you have exhausted Nazareth? Mrs Torrance has the idea you are the very man for this place. I have another idea. I have a great desire to see a Mission Hospital floated east of the Jordan. Patients from that region are so many they fairly swamp me. Now you are the man for that work if the General Assembly should settle on it. You know Arabic well, you love the land, and best of all you love the people and are loved by them. There is not in all Palestine a greater favourite than you." These words are flattering and humbling. I should like to serve our own Church, especially among Trans-Jordanic peoples where the need is deep. But Damascus makes a great appeal to me.

March, 1914. The Edinburgh Nazareth Bazaar contingent have returned. Their arrival has moved the whole countryside. The C.M.S. School and the Girls' Orphanage joined in a song specially composed. A messenger was sent to Arab tribes with news of the expected arrival. The Sheik who had once been a Hospital patient came with a handsome escort. Many camels, gaily caparisoned with oriental carpets, with 3 or 4 Nazarenes perched on each camel. They had tambourines and other musical instruments. The Arabs were our guests. They brought sheep with them, which greatly reduced our refreshments bill. Camels and carriages went out first; many people followed on foot. The Arabs were the spectacle of the day—splendily mounted on spirited steeds, decked picturesquely in their flowing robes of striking colours. They attracted great attention as they galloped with drawn swords flashing in the sun. Some waved their long lances, while others kept them pointed at imaginary foes. Thus we rode out and passed the camels with their musical riders, and the carriages with their crowds of expectant faces, and the children with their song ready on the tip of their tongues. When the Haifa carriages of the Scrimgeours and Miss Johncock came in view in the distance the Arab chief arranged his men in wide advancing line in front of which he galloped up and down shouting war cries. At a few yards distance their aggressive aspect melted to effusive friendliness. The welcome was great. We all moved towards Nazareth, where the people said the Doctor had the new Hospital in his pocket! All the villages on the way turned out. A large

number of veiled Moslem ladies joined in the welcome. Every hilltop was occupied. In Nazareth itself windows, doorways, and flat roofs were full of faces. At the Hospital there was the final flourish of a great event. There was no mishap of any kind through it all.

May, 1914. Just think of it. I have been appointed to Damascus. It's a huge thing to follow a man like Mackinnon, who is a magnificent fellow and a tip-top surgeon. It almost makes me tremble. I know you have been asking that God's will for me should be done. I have been up to see Damascus and the Mackinnons once again. It's a lovely spot with first-class climate. Remember both of you are to end your days with me there. The garden at the Doctor's house is a kind of Eden. Damascus itself, as you will remember, is a dream of beauty surrounded by desert; a very Paradise, as it has been called. And that garden with its shady trees and blazing flowers is a Paradise within a Paradise. There, if God spares us, we shall have many happy days together. What keen pleasure it will add to all my work to have my own father and mother enjoy their well-earned rest beside me there. I never can forget what you told when you were in Damascus of Dr and Mrs Mackinnon giving Dr Turnbull and his fiancée their wedding feast in advance in that lovely garden, as they could not have one in their mission station when they came to be married. And the wedding horses decked and ribboned driving them to Damascus Station!

Vienna, June, 1914. I was at Constantinople on my way home. I remember how charmed you

were with the view of the city from the sea. It is indeed marvellous. I came here overland. Vienna is a city of cleanliness and beauty and splendid buildings. You both spent a Sunday at the Presbyterian Church here, I remember, on your semi-jubilee tour. I go from there to Mayence, then sail down the Rhine to Coblentz and Cologne, where I shall stay for a little and then to Brussels, Ostend, London, and home. In Vienna I find that liverishness and melancholy do not walk its streets. Everybody seems lively and gay.

All along my journey I have thought a lot about Damascus and the work to which I am called. My heart goes out to the Desert tribes further afield who have never heard the Gospel, and some day the way may open for my going to them. That would be the joy of my life.

Letters from Eastbourne.

April, 1915. I have been to the church Sir Alexander Simpson recommended; very go-ahead, well-to-do, evangelical, and warm. The minister, James Reid, has newly come from Sherwood, Paisley. The seats are full. I came one night upon a meeting of Plymouth Brethren. Several soldiers took part. It was hot stuff. Met there a gentleman newly back from France who had been distributing Gospels to the troops along with Mr Naismith. My only time for Bible study is before anybody is up. I rise before 5, climb a hill which forms part of Beachy Head, and for an hour I

enjoy the only quiet time of the day. It keeps me going. . . . I ran down to Winchelsea, where there was no feeling of war in the air. Saw Mrs Saville of Moray Place, and Miss Macgregor, who was exceedingly kind. I was in command of a Church Parade yesterday, and made a hash of the commands. The men were greatly amused, and did the right thing in spite of my blunders. Being an Officer in blasty days is a cold job. You have to stand, look grave, and shiver while the men get all the exercise.

May, 1915. I passed an open-air Salvation Army in the street to-day. No one was listening, yet the street was crowded. I thought I would stop and stand in. In two minutes no end of Tommies and others came around, wondering at this young Officer listening to a girl of 18 who stood on a tub. I hope good resulted. The speaking was hot. . . I have two fully fledged U.F. ministers in my Ambulance, both nice fellows.

[Somewhat similar to the Eastbourne story is this. In Princes Street after the two minutes' silence one Armistice Day a man stopped Ian's parents and said:—"I have conducted services in the Edinburgh Infirmary every Sunday for 25 years. Only once in all that time did I see a House Doctor stand and listen, and that Doctor was your son. Others paid no heed. On the following Sunday your son took part in the service and led in prayer."—Editor.].

May, 1915. I have no end of invitations to houses here. I lately dined with a rich old lady

and her highly accomplished daughter. They were most friendly. Last night I called again, and being Sunday it was most natural to get deep into religious conversation. I am rejoiced to hear of the spiritual work in the camps of Salisbury Plain. There are men in every camp just waiting to be shown the Way. The Pocket Testament League seems a good way of starting to talk to men, so I must get some Testaments and begin. Perhaps as an Officer I may have results which a Chaplain could scarcely expect. . . . I am giving £3 towards a scheme in which I am interested. At first I thought of making it £5, but I feared you would send me a copy of "Samuel Smiles" by return of post! I have now decided to devote to Christian purposes one-fifth of my income. I shall keep four-fifths. I want you both along with Maben and Floss to have a week at Crieff Hydro. It will be a pleasure to foot the bill for you all. To-day I spoke at a Nile Mission Press meeting and met a lot of folk. To-morrow I go to tennis and dinner at the Rev. Hugh Falconer's mother-in-law's place. Next day tea with China missionaries of the C.M.S. Next day after that I go to tea with Dr Gurney and give an address to soldiers in Hospital. Ain't I a gay bird? When Maben gives a "party" to her mission cronies of Stockbridge district, I'll stand the damage. Make it handsome or I'll not own it.

May, 1915. To-day another man for the Pocket Testament League. I want one new man per day, as it's a good "wheeze." Don't forget to pray that I may have courage and tact to seize my chances. . . . The site of our camp is near

Beachy Head. We look straight across the Channel towards Dieppe and get lots of sun and air. We are allowed no lights. The flash lamp is invaluable, which Mrs Sinclair gave me. Dr Ballantyne writes me enclosing his latest literary effort, and in it I am figuring prominently. The Rev. James Reid, the Presbyterian minister, and I have struck up a strong friendship. We have much in common. I have been attending the Prayer Meeting regularly. To-morrow evening I read the lesson at the Prayer Meeting and take the prayer that follows. I enclose an invitation which I had to Mr Kirkham's beautiful house here. In the entrance hall is a pipe organ which Mr Kirkham plays excellently. His wife, a charming woman, is a daughter of the manse. They are enthusiastic Presbyterians. They have two daughters, beautiful and natural, with no affectation. I tell you this that you may know all I am doing and with whom I am mixing. . . . I feel this war is more and more a spiritual conflict which can only be truly and really won on our knees.

From France.

August, 1915. Crossed to Havre, took train, delighted to meet Ian Bartholomew and M'Cheyne Paterson. Slept at a farm of wasps and pigs; read E. A. Burrough's address to Oxford Conference, and had bath in leaky tub. I met Captain Gibson, Somerton Clark's friend. On Sunday, up at 4.30, read II. Corinthians. Next day all the men had a bathing parade in Canal. I went to Advanced Dressing Station, and right up to fire trenches

through bullets and flares, and brought sick back for treatment. . . . MacRae and Campbell, fellow Medical Officers at Eastbourne, are here. Our tent fell on us when dressing. Will's crash was worse.

Oct., 1915. Had interesting accounts of May Kirkham's wedding—so pleased. I often think of Eastbourne and my many kind friends—the Kirkhams, the Spinkses (London jewellers), the Gurneys, the Matthews, the Williamses, the Atkinsons, the Wyons, the Southeys, etc. Their kindnesses loaded me down past the Plimsoll line. I am reading father's book, "Scotland's Keswick," with Stevensonian glee. Its pen portraits recall many memories. . . . You say, mother dear, that you are a great failure. So every truly noble soul feels. Oh, if you only knew what we all gratefully feel about you. We occupy a beautiful chateau just now, with garden like the Guthrie and Gossip and Jerdan gardens. I sleep out under the cold skies. I'm brown as a nut. I follow father's example of tumblerfuls of cold water an hour before breakfast, an hour before dinner, and three hours after last meal. This water and open air I find good for soul and body. I am reading Isaiah and the Prophets, 10 chapters a day. Your tempting cake and John Graham's I am keeping until Dukes, my Edinburgh co-worker, comes. We shall wash every mouthful down with chocolate dissolved in hot milk—scrumptious grub! How kind Mrs Burn is with monthly magazines and parcels of luxuries! My Eastbourners have followed me to France with many parcels and letters. How I wish others had such friends. My best thanks to Miss Carmichael.

Nov., 1915. You remember that I took a Church of England service in Eastbourne with surplice over my uniform. I have had one here without the surplice. I preached on "Looking unto Jesus." Dukes and Pattison and I had a great discussion lately on the Heart, very lively and interesting. I have had a spell of censoring letters, amusing and tiring. Dr Alexis Thomson has been here. I had a talk with him. I'm attached just now to 9th North Staffords. Marthe, Floss' French friend, sent me a beautiful parcel. Glad to hear you billet three soldiers at the manse and that you and so many Juniper Green people are having young fellows from Redford Barracks to frequent house teas. It's good of Miss Huffell, who has done so much for the girls of Juniper Green, to bravely work now for the soldiers in France. I have just sent off cheque of £20 as my "Givings." Our potatoes at dinner to-night had paraffin taste, but what's that? We have crowds of mice running about, harmless, companionable craturs! Had an earnest talk with a half-caste Padre who "damns" badly. My tent-mate just now is a careless soul. For my Bible-reading he doubtless will write me down an ass! I wish he had the ass' joy. Leave coming in sight. Hurrah! Shall be so glad to sit in the old pew and see Mary Burns approaching 90, and the Barrs in full force, and the Stewarts, M'Nairs, and Miss Smith, and other front-seaters, and renew cracks with James Heard, etc. Juniper Church is my picture gallery. The rare heads of Miss Ross and Hector Macpherson would adorn any gallery. My heart's at the Pentlands.

Dec., 1915. Reid of Eastbourne has written me tophole letters, jolly decent of him! He wants me to stay with him on my home leave. If I don't manage Eastbourne he will come to London to meet me. Simply ripping! I wish you knew him, a rare students' preacher, who knows human nature, and dwells at the heart and vitals of life, with true humour, and a profound interest in men. . . . We have had a hurricane of shot and shell. I was right in it, but had peace, perfect peace through it all. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil, for Thou art with me." I am grateful for Mrs Sinclair's cake and Mrs Fowler's shortbread, as the Surgeon General and other Brass Hats are coming along. I worked all forenoon like a housemaid preparing for their arrival, everything shining now like a new pin. The winter is here, all of us longing for sheepskins. It's Esquimaux life! The men have not half enough to keep Arctic cold off. My heart feels for them. I sleep with two pairs of pyjamas, cardigan, three blankets, three waterproof sheets and overcoat; and at 4 a.m. I wake up frozen stiff. Miss Legget's woollen helmet has come. I must give it to someone needier. Dr Guy and Dr Lambie have written me kind letters. Cranston Lowe's beautiful plaster casts I have often admired. I was standing with Officers when King George reviewed troops and President Poincaré decorated the Prince of Wales and others with Legion of Honour. The King was affable, Prince free and easy, Poincaré self-important. . . . Hope Clarence Gibb is getting over his wound. I called for him in Hospital at Brigh-

ton, the building in which he attended school. Well done, Uncle Murdo, leading his transport ships so safely through horrid difficulties. He has always been a brave Captain. One is proud of such an uncle. Again your prayers in all our dangers here are my strength.

"When I sail to the Fortunate Islands,
Over the violet sea,
May my own friend, my soul's friend,
Be there a-sailing with me."

Feby., 1916. I have empty shell cases, good for gongs and flower stands, which I would fain blow over to you. I'll keep them until I myself blow to Juniper again. I picked from a heap a piece of leaded window glass from a wrecked Church here. Ain't I a vandal and a hun? A combatant Officer asked me out to the trenches. I went. We donned a cabbage on our heads for concealment. We crawled over the parapet. Had we stood up it might mean death. Don't worry about me. If a bullet did find me a hundred to one it would not make me a landowner in France—a home-leave wound rather. A wound for Blighty is not bad. Oh, what a patriot can descend to when he wearies for a sight of his dear old home! I went to the C.O. and asked permission and got it to visit Bryce in hospital. It is eight months since I saw him. It's a long ride from this, but my mare is fit. Not long ago I was riding on a road with a deep ditch. The mare backed into the ditch. I slipped off just in time. I didn't want to be pancaked under her great weight. I came off with a wetting, but she, poor thing, lay down on her back with my handsome saddle underneath. She kicked

her heels in the air in a vain endeavour to rise, but there was nothing to give her purchase. Her head began to sink. Fortunately I came on a shovel and dug out a new channel for the icy water. Some Dragoons soon came along, and after hard struggling we got her out. I had a letter to-day from Gordon Wilson. He is engaged to Beatrice Kirkham of Eastbourne, one of the prettiest, unaffected, and most charming of girls I have ever met. He is in Paradise, and no wonder. I have been making up my accounts. It's a splendid discipline to manage money rightly, with many lessons in self-denial, in giving, and in faith. I must be *in* when you make the Free Will offering. I am reading Tolstoy, direct, dramatic, and true to fact. My good friend Jeffrey (engine-driver, Balerno line) wrote me kindly. I have to-morrow off, and I tramp to Albert and back—26 miles. When little is doing I walk much, ride much, motor much. I am having a lion's share of letters and fine parcels, Mrs Sinclair, Mrs W. Graham, Miss Beck, Mrs Barter Snow, Miss Bruce Burn, Mrs Newberry, and Miss Martin and others shower kindnesses and blessings on me, in addition to Eastbourne gifts. It is pleasant to share what can be shared with someone who gets little. I hear that various people are urging you to try and keep Bryce serving at the Home Base. That would never do. He and I have been taught to play the game, and the game we two must play at all costs. The trenches, it is true, are more and more unbearable. It is wonderful how the Tommies stand them. Chilled feet are common. One day we had 5000 cases. Yet the cheerfulness of the

"boys" is most heartening. Here's a sample. One Tommy said he saw a hat lying on the ground. He picked it up and found a head under it. "Haul me oot," cried the head. Tommy tried and succeeded. "I'm gled I'm oot. Can we get my nag oot noo?" That is Tommy's merry picture of the mud.

March, 1916. We have a tremendous amount of telephoning. The war depends on the telephone. No gunner sees what his firing does. He hears by telephone from an observer in the trenches. . . . I am reading John Wesley's Journal like the Acts of the Apostles, miracles and happenings all the time. He had a simple Apostolic charm over roughest men. No sensation, no hysteria, cold facts in exact, calculated language. There is something unhuman, admirable, and seemingly unattainable in this great saint's life. I shall be immensely attracted to him when I see him! I'm reading Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine." His pen pictures of Thebes and the monument of Rameses and the Nile are wonderful. The book is devotional and acutely critical. The Dean's power of concise pictorial expression is unsurpassed . . . Your letters are a great treat. Oh, that I could be a letter (just for a while) addressed to Juniper Green!

May, 1916. No wonder you should be dumpy over the terrors of the war now that Bryce is in for his baptism of fire. I can tell you the war took on an entirely new face for me when he went into the trenches. All the same it is the right thing. I pity men who shirk, their sense of duty is dead. I feel for D——, just engaged to a girl and loitering at

home in his bliss. It would take ever so many fine girls to drag me from duty just now. My Mess tell me I write home oftener than newly-married people do. I tell them I cannot but do so. Here comes the car for this love-letter and the others. . . . Now that Maben is "engaged" she will get Mrs Beeton up by heart. Marriage and cookery pull well together! Glad you have 100 soldiers regularly at forenoon service in Juniper Green Church. How they enjoy to hear the Call of Christ to a strenuous heroic life! How they sing with all their soul after such a sermon! It is pleasant to know the Church Hall is open for them every evening, that games, talks, teas and concerts are also provided. I find it difficult to get men here to join in a prayer meeting. What they miss!—the real brightness of life. Can you send me the Psalms and Isaiah in larger type? My eyes tire over small type. I should like to have Gordon's "Talks with the Risen Christ." Word has come of my going to Egypt—home leave first and then the Orient.

From his Last Field.

On way out—London, May, 1916. Auntie Kate took me to her friend John Oxenham. I had quite a good time, and he gave me his "All's Well." He was a printer to begin with, and seeing the poor stuff he had to print, he determined to try his hand at writing, and now gives all his time to it. He has blossomed, as you know, into fame as an author. I went to a big missionary meeting in Westminster Chapel. Our good friend, W. Y. Fullerton, spoke. He told of a young fellow who resolved to be a missionary. Many dissuaded him.

One said, "Think of the awful heat, 104 in the shade"; to which he replied philosophically, "Well, you don't need to live in the shade!" W.Y.F. also told of a woman who brought a hen as a gift to a great missionary service, and the hen, impressed with the enthusiasm of the meeting, laid an egg in the middle of the sermon! James Reid and I went to the House of Commons, and got in through the kindness of Sir John M'Callum of Paisley. We heard Lloyd George. He was answering objections to Compulsion. He spoke with splendid force. I never heard the Welsh Wizard before, although Fred Whyte once introduced me to him. A number of the front Bench ministers were present and the House was full. I had tea with Reid at the Strand Palace, after which we went to the Synod of the English Presbyterian Church. They were discussing "Youth" in a dry old style. I espied Ivor Roberton, and as Reid did not know him, I hauled Reid along and introduced him, and Ivor soon made us feel lively with a sheaf of laughable stories.

May, 1916. During my days of waiting in London for a ship, I attended the May meetings and heard first-class preachers on Sundays. I heard Dr Horton one forenoon and Bishop Boyd Carpenter in Westminster Abbey in afternoon and Ivor Roberton in evening. I saw Ivor after the service. He sent congrats. to Mab. and Will. I heard Dr Clifford, Mark Guy Pearse, Sir Alfred Pearce Gould, the great surgeon who treats cancer with radium; and also Hughes, Dr Clifford's successor. I went to the Annual Meeting of the British and

Foreign Bible Society. I am jotting these things down while waiting to hear Dr J. D. Jones of Bournemouth preach. . . .

To resume my letter, I heard Dr Jones. He was excellent. I began this letter before service in the City Temple, and now I finish it. Can you guess where? In Ye Old Cheese Tavern in Fleet Street, and in the very seat, I am told, which the great Samuel Johnson occupied as his favourite here. How the centuries, and great men and small sit at the same board!

May, 1916. My cabin in "Carisbrooke Castle" is fortunately on promenade deck. In the heat of Mediterranean it will be airy. . . . R.A.M.C. staff and Padres make 40. Ambulance men 250. Before sailing I saw all over the "Aquitania" and "Britannic," huge hospital ships, of halls and space and splendour. I was in engine rooms, miles of galleries and furnaces and boilers and pipes, and streets of beds and many wards for patients. The "Carisbrooke Castle" is a cockle shell beside them. On Sunday I had a feast with my Bible and Robertson of Brighton. Every day I try to get a whole hour with my Bible, and also read as regularly as possible, surgery, theology, and English Classics, so that I am having great times spiritually and mentally. I had a good talk with Captain Smith about "Fletcherizing," and have talked much with Dr Miller of Hamilton. . . . Landed, and called in Alexandria on the Curwens, saw them, very kind. Mrs Sinclair and Jack were at Heliopolis. I met Colonel Wingfield, who spoke most warmly of the Indian missionaries, many of whom he knew.

I have had swims in the Suez Canal twice every day. It is against regulations to swim across, 220 yards, or I should do it. Some men disobey. The stars are our only scenery at night, when lights are forbidden. I saw the Sultan the other day, very handsome. People here don't cheer, they clapped hands as he passed. One meets here and on passenger ships some who rail at missionaries as if they were savage beasts:—

"I wish I were a Cassowary
On the plains of Timbuctoo
I would eat that missionary
Hat and coat and hymn book too."

July 9th, 1916. My birthday! What jolly garden-parties we used to celebrate this day with! What wouldn't I give to be just now under the cool shade of our garden-trees at Juniper Green? The heat and desert are ever with us. Life here is colourless—a continuous bath of perspiration and sand everywhere and in everything; nowhere to go, nothing to do—*that* just now is the noble, heroic, and patriotic path of duty!

July, 1916. You ask my time-table. Well, I get up at 5; till 8 I read and walk. To-day I walked to the sweet-water canal three miles off, got into shade under trees, a new sensation, as it is all sand here. At 8 I come back, shave, wash and breakfast at 8.30. Porridge, bacon and eggs, bread, jam, and tea. Then I go round the wards, six marquees, and the isolation camp with its wards for diphtheria, scarlet fever, and smallpox. We have very few cases. We have many eye cases, the sand and glare knock chaps out. Otherwise nothing remark-

worthy. My C.O. is a great sport, and we rag each other much. He is an R.C. from Ireland, and I tell him he'll soon be a Presbyterian! He retaliates by asking if I am one of the elect! He is 41 and has 4 children. He comes into my tent last thing at night to tuck me in, then starts antics, closing with a pillow fight like schoolboys. He is as playful as Uncle Rod and Uncle Brownlow. Every evening about 5 I go for a long enjoyable swim in the Suez Canal. I never sleep during the hot afternoons. I never did at Nazareth, and don't want to form the habit. I read all the time—"Tropical Medicine," the "Koran," some French, etc. I try to write one letter a day. The war scene is better than this stagnation spot. I am quite glad I am here from various viewpoints, but from war this is a wash-out. As a missionary I am seeing the native from the soldier's point of view, and am having an outside view of the missionary's job. I'm sorry I haven't a horse here, but one can't have everything.

July, 1916. Thankful you don't scrimp me with letters. . . . No one interested just now in Egypt. All the heroes are in France and having a time of it too. In the map we have been following the great push, village by village. Two days ago I got my first *shell* wound. Don't be alarmed. It was only a cockle shell, with a sharp edge which cut me when bathing! As this will not be in the Roll of Honours, I tell it now! We do life-saving exercises, at which I am no good. I generally drown my victim by immersion or too vigorous handling! They say this is the hottest season for

16 years. One can combat heat by assuming the horizontal position, closing one's eyes, and loosening one's garments—very simple and effective. It must be persisted in. We are all getting up the muscle of will! The nights are wonderful in the desert. Full moonlight is really dazzling and makes the sands white. I prefer the stars without the moon. They are lamps hung all round. There's no one else there but you, so they must be for you, and there are no hills or trees or chimneys in the way, so you have a whole dome of sparkle, so seemingly near that you could chip a notch in one of the stars with a good revolver.

We keep conversation going, mostly upon rumours. He who brings in the biggest is the man of the hour. Sometimes it is, We have to spend "Christmas in the desert." Not one of us believes it. We rather go crossing the Rhine or dozing off in Mesopotamian dreams or British East African visions. Anticipation is surely a great encouragement to live!

Dr Ewing, of Grange Church, Edinburgh, has passed through. He won the Military Cross for his Dardanelles services. The fellows in this unit knew him and thought no end of him—afraid of nothing. With whizzbangs blowing all round he never turned a hair. He was a prime favourite.

We have been having a terrible time. The wounded arriving in hundreds, brought over the desert on camels and donkeys and in every kind of conveyance. The first thing was to wash mud and sand out of their wounds, after which in spite of pain and distress most of them fell into a deep

sleep. Operations followed. We surgeons operated for 90 hours running with the smallest intervals for rest. As soon as possible the beds had to be cleared for fresh arrivals.

There were 18 doctors in our Mess for a time, splendid chaps, bursting with enthusiasm, and showing me all sorts of new things. I said I would be bottle washer. Catch them, they wouldn't hear of it, but treated me to a Benjamin's mess in everything. I don't know why. I am certainly the Benjamin in age, but who and what am I to have such favours?

Nov., 1916. A holiday recently. I got loose in a bookshop at Port Said, and you should have seen your stolid son as a creature of impulse. "The Swiss Family Robinson" made me a kid again, and "Robinson Crusoe" knocked me off my rocker altogether. Lord Cromer's book on Egypt I bought (16/6). I felt I ought to know the country I live in. I came out of that shop poorer and richer. Port Said is a sink of iniquity, notorious the world over for its diabolical man-traps, so I bought William Law's "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," also Dean Milman's "History of the Jews" in two vols., and being in a generous mood I made a gift of another book to a padre here. Milman is priceless. I have read 50 pages, and I am prepared for all sorts of treats ahead. I have read "Scottish Symbols," full of excellencies, by Rev MacMillan, Cambuslang. He is Chaplain here. The chief ingredient we find in all our food nowadays is sand, and the food is made specially aromatic by that flavouring agent, the house-fly! You miss all these

delicacies. They are the compensations we "blinkin' 'eroes" have out in the desert, but then you have one fine appetiser—the weekly meatless day! Your letters come with wonderful regularity notwithstanding those "tin fish" which sink ships. What frightful sand-storms we have had, quite indescribable—tents flattened, goods scattered, men battered! Studying Sunday address to-day.

Decr., 1916. All heaven and earth are freely discussed in our Mess—Christ, the Bible, and the Future. We are a unique collection, of motley creed and practice, and it is educative to hear the variety of ideas. I was brought up in no straight-laced, narrow way, but I know Christ, and I am endlessly thankful for that priceless asset — my home and my parents. They are the strongest force in my life. I take my share in the hurly burly of opinions. I have to listen to things that would shock you. I hear the queerest ideas about marriage, the sexes, and home, enough to make one think Life is a fool's Paradise. But I know incontrovertibly and ineradicably that I have an ideal and real home and parents for whom I am everlastingly thankful. In spite of this hurly burly I see manifestations of the Christ-like spirit where you would not dream. Just now I know a man whose perfect unselfishness makes me blush with shame. He makes me feel as if I were no Christian. He is extraordinarily courageous and sincere, and yet his greatest solace is whisky. A strange topsy-turvey world out here, and I tremble for the man who has not at his back the things that cannot be shaken. . . . . Our troops have recently been shelling bits

out of the Holy Land, and now the Turk is dropping his "visiting card" all over the show. . . Whom has A. J. Taylor married? He was a peach of a man. And so P—— has married. What a farce! After that I'll remain single for good! How is Mrs Shiels in the Canongate? Her house is a hovel, but her soul made it a palace. I felt that spiritually she was a sort of blizzard of beauty.

Jan., 1917. What a tempest we have had! A cry of "All hands to the pump," fixing tents, making moat for the rain, and anchoring to the slight grip of rolling sand dunes. More blusters yet ere we emerge into blistering heat. I am having "the luck of the gods." Everyone is so kind and helpful, and from them I am daily learning. My principal teacher and intimate is O'Conner, of great brain and will, with graphic tongue. Everything touched he makes luminous. He lived in Japan, travelled a lot, is well read, and has keen humour, a Roman Catholic and his wife Church of England. He is reading for the first time in his life, and with deep interest, a Bible which I presented to him—a beautiful copy, if I may say so. He and I discuss things very dispassionately. It is wonderful how respectfully he treats my views. He calls me broad-minded! We are great friends. He is a distinguished scientist, and a pioneer in things surgical, and the intimate of aristocrats. He says we are both accessible to ideas. Yet we maintain our respective views with a strong grip. He is showing me piles — the great things he has done, which perhaps are known to only twenty people. He is amazingly unselfish. When I am settled in Damas-

cus he hopes to visit me, and make investigations in a line which Syria would favour. . . . I am reading Gibbons' "Decline and Fall" with intense pleasure. So easy to read. C.H.M. on "Exodus" is capital. I gave it to the R.C. padre here, and told him he would not like it. That has made him concentrate the more on it. . . . I address next Sunday a meeting which C. of E. Chaplain is running. It's my first since coming here. Forgive this too self-centred letter. Mrs Fairbairn kindly sends me "Punch." It is like the time when you sent it every week to Nazareth. No journal refreshed me like it. I handed it round to all the British Colony there, and when it came back from more than a dozen readers it was a rag. In those days I found "Punch" what father used to call it, "a means of grace"! . . . .

Feby., 1917. I went down to Port Said and got Bibles which I presented to all Officers of my Mess. There is now, I'm glad to say, an epidemic of Bible-reading. This is not purely for lessons in the geography of this region, nor is it for studying its ancient peoples. They realise, I think, what a towering book the Bible is. That partly accounts for it, although if you asked they would put you off with a casual reason. . . . I am in a cushey job here, and would gladly go to Field Ambulance service, with all its risks and dangers. Why should I not share dangers with the men? What I enjoy here is the rare knowledge I am gathering which ought to be of immense value in Damascus, if God wills I should enter on work there. It is tremendous luck which has fallen to me through God's goodness

and your prayers. We are overlooking the Mediterranean, and I bathe in it every evening. Almost everyone plays cards. I don't, because I find they all put down money, small sums it's true. I don't call it gambling, but I dislike it, and I prefer to read or write or walk and do anything rather than touch a thing so risky. One may lose socially by not joining in, but I never feel as if I were out by my stand. At the same time one feels for men with nothing to do but play or moon or introspect or get drunk. Army life is monotonous. Dr Ballantyne writes me and gives a sentence from Dr Whyte's Christmas sermon, "Peace, serenity, and calm have in my advanced years been rudely brushed out by this war."

Cairo, March, 1917. I went to the Scotch Church here to-day. The singing was poor, but what fine old hymns and psalms we had! It made me feel soft and mushy when I heard "I to the hills will lift mine eyes." The congregation was thin, mostly military. Dr Zwemer and his family were present. I should like to know him. He is the greatest thorn in the side of Mahommedanism to-day. The preacher was from Roxburghshire, very so so. I have met Professor Ferguson of the Medical School. He is Bacteriologist to the E.E.F. He invited me to his "Lab." to work—a great favour. He showed me many things, taking great pains. He is from Ayrshire. He wrote me afterwards a most genial letter, and hopes we may meet after the war. His wife is a charming, spirited woman, a devoted wife and mother. She speaks French, German, Arabic, English, with fluency. They have two boys who

go to Scotland for schooling. A friend and I have been down to Luxor, that 14 hours railway journey which both of you have taken. It was excitingly interesting.

March, 1917. Warmest congratulations on your wedding anniversary. I hope you will have another splendid honeymoon, as you always had every time the anniversary came round. I am reading "Helen Keller" with renewed pleasure, and also "Confessio Medici." I have eagerly read every item in the financial statement of our dear old Church at Juniper Green. It is very satisfactory. I had a letter from ——, as full of kind feeling and empty of news as in her palmiest days. Adair Ferguson has written a fine letter. I replied to-day. Glad to see that our good Kenneth Frazer has won the Croix de Guerre. There are great discussions here on Alcohol. Some hold that those who take a little fare best in this climate. Against all that is the health of the only two abstainers in our Mess, another and myself. We are allowed to be the fittest of them all. A brother of John Logan, of the Egypt General Mission, whom you met at Cairo, is here, splendid and handsome, a business man and very spiritual. He was at the Y.M.C.A. Sunday last, when I addressed nearly 300 men. I gave a gospel talk on Faith. Several Officers were there. One of them, Duguid, an Australian of Aberdonian blood, spoke to me gratefully at the close. Being Aberdonian myself by birth, we drew together. Another who spoke to me was a chap called Edwards, a nephew of the well-known Welsh theologian, Principal Edwards of Aberystwyth.

One of our doctors here was receiving wounded into hospital lately, when behold! his own brother was brought in fatally injured. It was a moment of sudden and exquisite sorrow. I felt for the good soul.

May, 1917. I hope you will take a refreshing week at Crieff Hydro. Remember that the screw I am having as an Army Doctor is for the family pool. That is duty, but to me it is far more, a great privilege. I am writing to S—— about the risk in playing cards. I have been reading Sir James Mackenzie's great book on "Heart Affection." Its language is simple and clear, a work of genius. It puts my old and distingué chief, Sir Thomas Frazer, into limbo, and yet "Old Tommy" was skilled and a great and fascinating teacher, although small in things! Sir James Mackenzie is a Scot who questions what many accept. Everything is subjected to personal test. I am sure you would enjoy his book. I am reading Brierley's "Problems of Living." I remember long ago enjoying his book "Ourselves and the Universe." . . . I have just had a letter from A. W. Bradley, who is passing through. I must see him. . . . I am busy in the Bacteriological Laboratory, picking up priceless knowledge about tropical diseases. The man in charge is a Scotchman and exceedingly kind to me. I wonder if all this will ever be used by me as a medical missionary. I wonder indeed if I shall ever see the mission field again. . . . Anyhow I am feeling as fit as a "bug in a rug"!

Egypt, 1917. Enjoying Mr Livingstone's Church "Monthly." . . . . The Doctors here have been discussing their screw. Everyone was making before the war from £1200 to £1300 a year. They urge me to give up missionary work at £200 and go into practice at home. I do not think for a moment of doing so, and would not be happy if I did. The only thing I would ever do it for would be to make life more comfortable for both of you. . . . . I am studying Milman's "History of the Jews." It needs close attention, but well repays. I had a walk of six miles yesterday. We have scarcity of water. Each man gets 2½ pints for washing, shaving, and drinking. We spend half-an-hour each morning thinking hard how to use it. We contrive devices and dodges to save a little here and allow it there. It's real savage life here—all the same it's life with a capital L. We are just behind the trenches and have daily Taubes. We get used to these airy visits. We see little of the Turkish Delight the foe drops on our troops! Poor Floss nursing in muddy Flanders! I know well what it's like. Lots of glory (some think) in living as the Patagonians would scorn to! It's sad to hear of Cousin Hudson Taylor Macfarlane's death so very soon after his brother John's. This war has wiped the Stornoway cousins out. Truly if we are not getting a new earth we are getting a new Heaven. Our family and "Will" all in it.

1917. I enjoy writing my diary. Please send me another, which I shall give to my batman, who desires to emulate. When at Cairo I heard Dr Zwemer in a church full of natives. He was mag-

nificent. I had tea with Professor and Mrs Ferguson. Next day on the train to Luxor I breakfasted with the British Bishop at Jerusalem, who was our guest recently in camp. From Luxor I travelled with the Bishop and his wife in their specially reserved carriage to Assouan. I met a medical officer at Assouan who is in Cousin Exley Miller's unit. He says Exley is the best airman in the country. I went with Rattray to see the Great Dam. He had fortunately an introduction to Watt, the engineer-in-chief, who is a Scot. The engineer explained everything, and he gave us his own launch to visit Philae, etc. We returned to Luxor and slept near the splendid temple of Karnac which charmed you both. We have been companying with gents of 6000 years ago, and we feel a little hoary, but we shall change into our youthful selves again, into young Dr Jekylls! At Cairo I put up at Shepheard's. Those swanky hotels are not allowed to charge Officers more than 10/- a day, and as nothing can be got for less, I have selected the swankiest of all. I found at Alexandria natives strutting about with eyeglass and killing you with haughty looks! That's swank.

May, 1917. Walked with Bates, who quite opened up his heart about his habits of Bible reading and prayer. O'Conner has been telling me of Sir Pat. Manson's unselfishness and noble child-likeness. It fills one with gratitude. I have been giving copies of "British Evangelist" to men in the wards. A man lately offered us antiques for sale, one cost 1/-. It was a disc for 1d ride on Glasgow tramways! Among our recent guests was M'Niven,

a fellow Watsonian. What talks of the old College! Went with Tudley round his wards. He was the man who told the story of ringing the bell of our Juniper Green Church at 2 in the morning. He is awfully amusing. Rev. Semple of Tiberias is here. You often spoke of his interesting library in Tiberias. We went shopping together in Port Said. Somerton Clark in India and Flora Clapperton in Australia blow welcome news to me across the distances. Our Mess mascot just now is a chameleon. Father Keegan brought it. Glad Cousin Jack M'Callum is rattling with grit. A chap here woke me up long before the hour, to borrow money from me! It is when one has dined well he is disposed to entertain fools and beggars. I couldn't sleepily refuse him. I have been censoring letters for hours. One writer begins "My own dearest minest"! Love sickness must be as bad as dysentery! We have many of the latter and a sprinkling of the former. I had to go into hospital as a patient. Opposite me was a glum padre who first thing put a dog collar on the moment he wakened! Beside him was a New Zealander, boisterously cheerful. Oh, for a mortar and pestle to pound and mix them together! It's fine how the Frantz boys swell red with loyalty to the Stars and Stripes. Is Mrs M'Call's face still holding its radiance?—a humble glory face. It was always on the shine.

June, 1917. John Scott is here. What old Cowgate times and talks we have had! My wards for the last six weeks have been skin, and I have learned a lot since taking that job. I had to keep

the patients until they were cured. That has made me eager to succeed. I have tried various old and some new cures with gratifying success. In these six weeks I had over 150 patients to treat.

Extract from his Last Letter.

June, 1917. I have been unexpectedly promoted and appointed Chief of a Hospital with 60 beds. It is near a village behind the Gaza lines. It is an honour and I appreciate it. Besides the Hospital I have a Refuge Camp. I have also charge of an Isolation Camp for typhus cases, of which there are several. Best of all, and this goes to my very heart, I have a Dispensary for the village where all the villagers can have daily medical attention free of charge. Already I have about 50 patients every day. That is like my former missionary work, and it brings dear old Nazareth back into my life again. My cup runs over. These four charges will mean hard and constant work, the hardest work I have ever faced. But I am grateful to be thought worthy of it, and I humbly and willingly obey the Call, the Call of God.

And thus he answered the higher Call.